



CAMOSUN

1942

*Barbara Munro
D-1*

The Camosun

Respectfully dedicated to our teachers
serving in HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES



VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL

1941 - 1942

TABLE OF CONTENTS

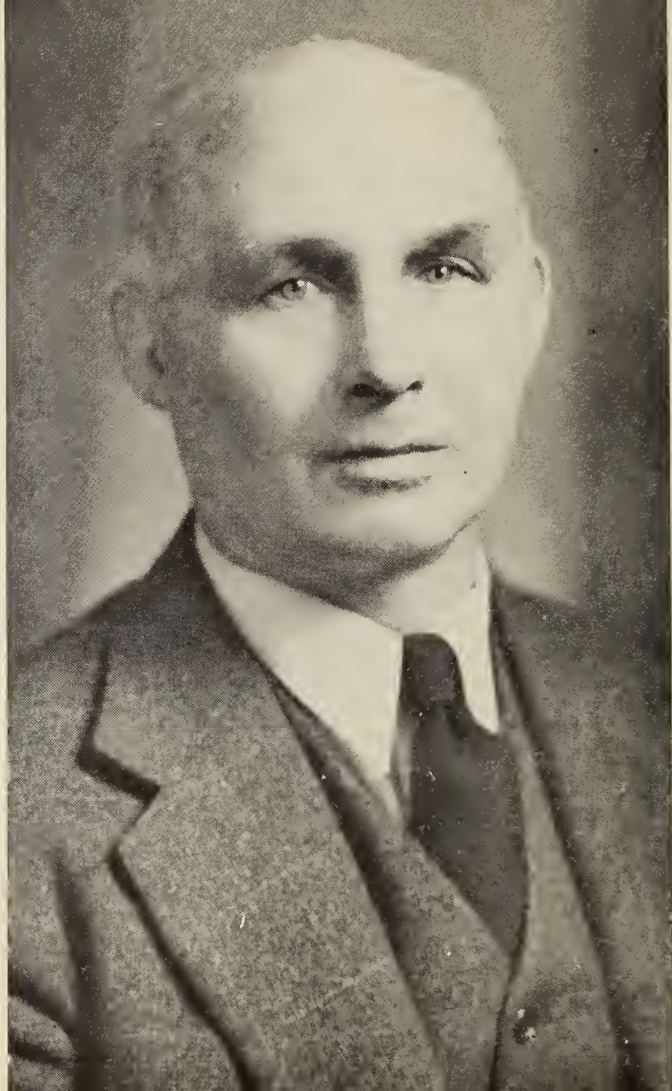
Dedication	Title page	Red Cross, Portia and Girls' Hi-Y Executive Photos	39
Foreword	3	Girls' Hi-Y, Portia	40
Honour Roll	4	Boys' Hi-Y, Macmillan Club, Prefects and Class	
The Teaching Staff	5	Presidents' Photos	41
Editorial	6	Social Committee, Choirs, Boys' Hi-Y	43
Valedictory	7	Macmillan Club	44
Article by I. Dilworth	8	Literary Section	45-57
Matric Section	9-28	"Around the School"—Photos	59
Activities Section	29-44	Class Personals	61-72
Events of the Year	29	Grade 11	61-64
Students' Council	31	Cartoons	63
House Reports	32, 34	Grade 10	65-67
House Executive Photo	33	Cartoons	69
Camosunet	34	Grade 9	71-72
Camosun and Camosunet Photos	35	Girls' Sports	73, 74
Air and Army Cadets	36	Team Photos	75
Army Cadet Officers and Majorettes Photos	37	Boys' Sports	77, 78
Junior Red Cross	38	Team Photos	79

Foreword

The modern conception of the place of the High School in community life regards that institution as a central unifying agency, by means of which the individual is taught not only how to think but the larger experience of how to live. Through the medium of the school the experiences of life become the subject matter of education. The problem of the school, therefore, becomes the problem of community making.

For the past four years you have participated in the life of your school community. Through these experiences you have acquired habits of co-operation and attitudes of tolerance. Thus has been realized an ideal of self sacrifice and service, which should make for good citizenship in the larger world upon which you are entering.

(Sgd.) HENRY L. SMITH, M.A.,
Principal.



Honour Roll

Died on Active Service

JOHN UNDERWOOD, H.M.C.S. Margaree.
Petty Officer RALPH CLARKE, H.M.C.S. Margaree.
CHARLES MEADOWS, H.M.C.S. Margaree.
STANLEY DAY, H.M.C.S. Margaree.
ERNEST OVERY, H.M.C.S. Margaree.
JAMES KELLY, H.M.C.S. Margaree.
CLIFFORD LOGAN, H.M.C.S. Fraser.
RAYMOND FULLER, H.M.C.S. Fraser.
RICHARD WRIGHT, H.M.C.S. Fraser.
GORDON CRAIG, Missing at sea.
WILLIAM BATEMAN, Missing at sea.

WILLIAM BUDDLELL, Missing at sea.
LESLIE PHILLIPS, Missing at sea.
FRED HARDING, Missing at sea.
LESLIE JORDAN, R.A.F.
WM. CHES. ESLEY, R.A.F.
MARK GIBSON, R.C.A.F.
FRED LEIGHTON, R.C.A.F.
EARL FOSTER, R.C.A.F.
WILLIAM DAKERS, R.C.A.F.
JAMES CODVILLE, R.C.A.F.
JOHN MYLREA, R.C.A.F.

Prisoners of War

EDMUND CATHELS, R.A.F.
SYDNEY FISHER, R.A.F.
FRED SHORROCK, R.C.A.F.
WILLIAM SHORROCK, R.C.A.F.

Missing

WILLIAM CROSS, R.C.A.F.
P. O. WILLIAM BROWN, R.C.A.F.
WILLIAM MOORE, R.C.C.S.
HOWARD NAYLOR, R.C.C.S.
ANTONY GRIMSTONE, R.C.C.S.



STAFF OF VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL

BACK ROW (left to right): N. Swainson, B.A., H. C. Gilliland, B.A., W. H. Webber, B.Sc., N. Harwood, B.A., H. Cumberbirch, B.A., L. C. Kennedy, B.A., H. Johns, M.A., R. P. Hammond, B.A., H. D. Wallis, B.A., Sc., W. E. Cook, B.Sc., T. Steward, B.Litt., E. W. Clarke, B.A.

MIDDLE ROW (left to right): L. J. Clarke, B.A., M.Sc., Miss B. T. Ramsay, B.Sc., Miss C. Horn, Miss B. H. Sargent, B.A., Miss J. M. Clay (commercial specialist), Miss E. Tervo, B.A., Miss N. Douglas, B.A., Miss E. McKee, B.A., Miss I. Thomas, M.A., Miss D. E. Hoskyn, B.Sc., Miss B. M. Sutton, B.A., Miss J. C. Roberts, B.A., Mrs. H. Hodson, M.A.

FRONT ROW (left to right): Miss D. J. Hay, B.A., Miss L. B. Maxwell, B.A., Miss E. G. Cameron, B.A., R. Heywood, B.A., W. H. Hughes, B.A., B.Sc., Miss M. R. Hallam (secretary), H. L. Smith, M.A. (principal), H. D. Dee, B.A. (acting vice-principal), A. M. Boyd, M.A., Miss M. W. Hamilton, B.A., G. A. Brand, B.A., J. A. Armstrong, M.A.

ABSENT: Miss A. W. Eaton, B.A., Miss R. V. Grant, Ph.D., Miss E. Prisk, B.A., W. A. Roper, A.P.T.S., C. L. Campbell, M.A. (vice-principal, on active service), W. L. Hardie, M.A. (on leave), D. E. Smith, B.A. (on leave).

Jessie C. Roberts
Mary W. Hamilton

R. Hammond

Editorial...

The purpose of an editorial in a magazine such as this is generally accepted as twofold, to thank all those who co-operated in making this cumulative effort what it is and then to make some statement which will point the attitude of this school toward contemporary events, in short, to serve as a voice. ...To accomplish the first of these two purposes, I wish to thank Mrs. Hazel Hodson and Mr. Norris Harwood for their invaluable guidance and assistance which has eased us over many hard jolts. Also, to the other editors, to the solicitors, and to the others for their efforts go not only my meagre thanks, but those of the whole student body. ...To accomplish the second purpose I would like to point out that our attitude to the world at this time of desperate crisis when most of our democratic values are at stake should be pre-eminently clear. That is, one of the democratic values that makes such publications as this possible, namely, the right to communal effort, stands threatened by the events of this rapidly changing world. Our school life has represented our desire for immediate and workable democracy. Our annual is a reflection of our school life. Officially then, in giving voice to student opinion, this paper states that we believe in these democratic privileges which we have already shared in our school community and unhesitatingly dedicate ourselves to their preservation in the wider sphere of our life in whatever capacity our country's crises may call upon our efforts.

THE CAMOSUN

PUBLISHED by the STUDENTS of VICTORIA HIGH

VOLUME XXXIV.

MAY, 1942

No. 1

Editor _____ Doug Shadbolt

Assistant Editors—

Peggy Pepper, Sydney Jackman,
Nancy Wilson, Thelma Reynolds.

Business Manager—Ron Wakefield

Advertising Manager—Mildred Kerr

Staff Advisors—

Mrs. Hazel Hodson, Mr. Norris
Harwood.

Cuts and Illustrations—

Bill Rourke, Jim Crawford, Harry
Wood.

Photographer _____ John Essihos

Advertising Solicitors—

Mildred Kerr, Nita Arthur, Mar-
jorie Parsons, Mavis Green, George
Bosdet, Gloria Kendall, Gordie
Chambers, Eva Barrie, Gerry
Gould, Dick Brawn, Don Kerley,
Phyllis Wakefield, Herb Marrion,
Barbara Campbell, Torey McCall,
Warren George, Thelma Hawkins.

We have endeavoured to make this annual not only a better one than previous issues, but one which reflects the changing ideas which are going on all around us. Therefore we have changed the shape, used pictures in a different way, and added variety and quality as much as possible. We hope you like it.

—DOUG SHADBOLT.

Valedictory...

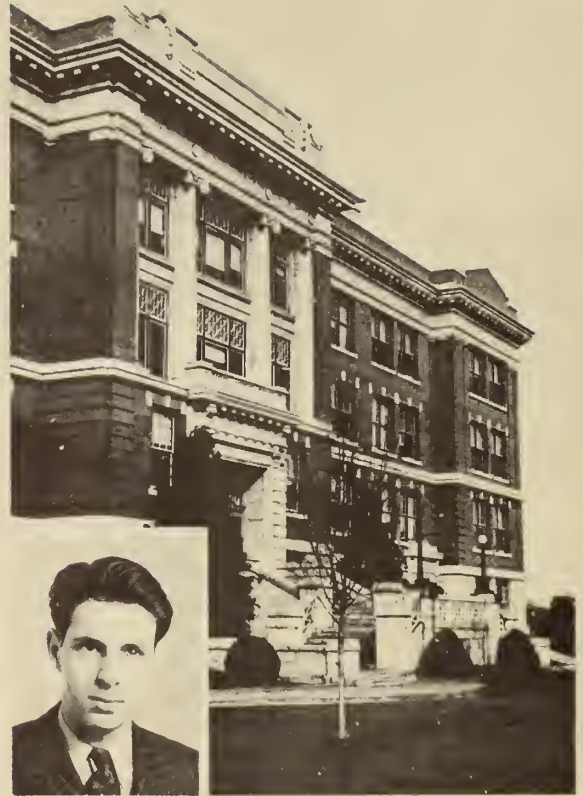
Another year has passed—a year of unprecedented events, a year of catastrophe and horror, and yet a year which may well prove our salvation. Two hundred and fifty students to be cast out into life with a doubtful future—what has the future in store for us?

We, the students of to-day, are the citizens of Canada, the world of to-morrow. We are the labourers, the policemen, the doctors, the lawmakers of the future. Moreover we are the taxpayers who shall be paying off the great war debts which are being made at present.

It is the duty of youth to carry this war to total victory and to rebuild the world on peaceful designs so as to ensure eternal peace. It will not be easy, I know, but with the training given to us we will accomplish this enormous task. The school's scholastic and athletic activities have taught us to think intelligently and to appreciate the value of co-operation. We have had the rules, the ground-work and in some cases the practical training to accomplish this rebuilding, so it is up to us as individuals to pool our efforts and succeed.

The future presents many problems, it is true, but let us not live too far in the future—let us work in the present. We must not allow that infamous phrase, "Too Little, Too Late," to enter our thoughts—let us put our shoulders to the wheel and push harder than ever, until victory is assured.

Bob Zellinsky



EMILY CARR

When I was a boy attending Victoria High School and lived in Simcoe Street, an interesting character used to pass our house daily. She passed with great regularity surrounded by her great bounding Bobtail Sheep Dogs. It was Emily Carr. In those days I knew little about Miss Carr except that she lived up our street and that I had always admired the great old garden and house established by her father in the early days of Victoria. The great grove of Lombardy poplars which surrounded that garden had been a landmark far out to sea for years, its English hawthorn hedge, its graceful laburnums, its lilacs were a joy to our childhood each recurring Spring. I did not know that Miss Carr was then, or that she had been for many years, working as a painter. I had no idea that for years she had been storing up in her retentive memory imaginative pictures which would later become the basis of her writings.

Emily Carr was born in Victoria more than seventy years ago. Her parents were English people who came here in early pioneering days. She was educated in the public and high school in Victoria and later went to San Francisco to study art. From the beginning Miss Carr had two controlling passions—her devotion to art and her love of nature. During the early part of her life as an artist, she studied in England and in France. She has come to be recognized as one of the most outstanding, if not the most outstanding of Canadian painters. In her canvasses she has brought to the attention of the public the life of the Indians of our B. C. coast among whom she travelled—she has lavished particular care

upon the painting of their totem poles. She has also invested with beauty and significance the great, solemn, mysterious forests of this coast. Her work is marked by great originality and vivid sensitiveness. One feels in everything she has done a deep sincerity.

Last November Miss Carr published her first volume of literary sketches, "Klee Wyck." It was at once welcomed by lovers of fine writing as a literary triumph: it was welcomed by Western Canadians as a sincere, true and loving record of a sensitive Canadian who has lived a varied existence in this our western land. A new volume is at present on the Press and will be published shortly; it will contain sketches delicately and imaginatively conceived of early Victoria and Miss Carr's memories of her childhood.

Miss Carr has worked so quietly, so patiently and so courageously that many of her fellow citizens have been quite unaware of her existence, but it should be a matter of great pride to all Victorians that they have living in their midst an artist of such varied talent and unquestionable genius. She has made a real and highly valuable contribution to the literature and painting of Canada through her portrayal of what she has felt and seen and thought as she lived in this our own part of the great Dominion.

—I. DILWORTH,

April 21, 1942.

[Ed. Note: The staff of the Camosun desire here to thank Mr. Dilworth, a former principal of this high school, who so kindly wrote this article at our request.]

BYRDIE EILERS—This charming songstress showed her singing ability as leading soprano in the operetta. Perhaps it's those tiring rehearsals—for some reason Byrdie is invariably late for school. Knitting.

DAPHNE BOURQUE—Daphne is badminton champion of the school, an honour which she well deserves. Her red hair and vivid personality add colour and sparkle to our Division. Home Nursing.

MILDRED WEBB—Little do we see of Mildred, for she is one member of the class whose subjects are mostly commercial. Sewing.



MARJORIE BISSON—Having hailed from Edmonton, Marj was one of the happiest when our Arena opened. It was partly through Marj's efforts that House I. gained the honours in badminton. Knitting.

HELEN CARTER—One of the silent type—the mark of good conduct in a class such as ours. However, Helen finds considerable difficulty in French and Maths. But, who doesn't?? Knitting.

DOREEN LOCH—Most of the time Doreen struggles through period after period trying hard to please the teachers, but will that bell never ring? Knitting.



INEZ TENNYSON—Many the worries on Inez's broad shoulders, and many the boring period to be waded through, but she always manages to come up smiling. Knitting.

MARY DOWNEY—Everybody's friend, this petite blonde certainly helps raise the class spirit. However, we can't always guarantee her presence at school—a girl must have sleep sometimes! Home Nursing.

GLADYS SMITH—This 100% student takes all her studies seriously, yet we suspect that she is interested in other activities as well. Could it be someone in khaki?? Portia.



BRENDA KENT—As attractive and popular as any girl in the div. Girls' Hi-Y President, Junior Red Cross President, Brenda fills this double responsibility quite aptly. Portia, Basketball.

JUANITA PERKINS—Nita is one student who has sailed through the Home Ec course with hardly a murmur—hardly. She has contributed numerous knitted articles to the Red Cross. Basketball.

DOROTHY STURDY—Dot joined us just this year, but, under Peggy's direction, she has become accustomed to everything in the school except the terrific amount of home work. Knitting.





BARBARA TODD—"Come to think of it, life really is amusing," chimes Barb. Of course, Doreen agrees. Together they laugh through school, voicing their opinions to every teacher. Portia.

DOREEN IRELAND—Doreen arrives faithfully with Barb each morning and noon, rain or shine. Always seen with Barbara and always happy about just everything. Portia.

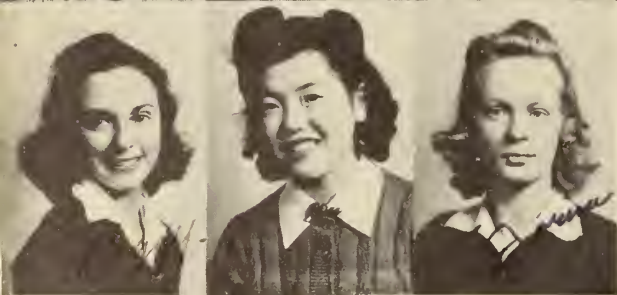
HILDA KYLE—Hilda presented a sparkling performance as Gretchen in the operetta. On prefect duty she sees that all girls walk single file on the end stairs. Portia.



MABEL WONG—Always smiling, Mabel goes quietly about her work, causing little or no disturbance. She takes her school work seriously and consequently should go a long way. Home Nursing.

JOY KIRCHNER—Joy by name and joyous by nature. If Marian is late, Joy will be late, also. "Where's that locker key gone now?" Portia.

LORNA LANGLEY—A serious-minded student who seems more interested in a musical career than in school activities. Yet in the majority of her subjects, Lorna gets along quite ably. Home Nursing.



MARGARET LOW—Accused either of sleeping or talking, Peggy just laughs it off. If it weren't for Maths, Socials, and French, Peggy would enjoy school. Portia, Drum Major.

MILDRED YIPP—When it comes to giving English reports, Mildred can really be relied upon. This vivacious little miss never seems discouraged by the annoyances school has to offer. Sewing.

DORENE BROWN—Dorene has that casual air which only blondes can possess. Miss Sargent boasts that Dorene donates a startling amount of knitted garments to the Red Cross. Knitting.



GRACE FERGUSON—recognized as a hard-checking guard on the Senior Basketball team. She complains about the amount of homework but somehow seems to get through her work. Knitting.

MELVA AIKMAN—The belle of the Langford bus, during the day is lost in a maze of shorthand, bookkeeping, and typing. Melva left us at Easter this term. Knitting.

MARY ENGELHARDT—Our capable class president is finance minister of the Students' Council. When not busy with these activities, Mary is probably on prefect duty in the library. Portia, Choir.

PEGGY PEPPER—The brains of "the Mob," Pug incidentally captures the high marks in school also. Camosun editor, library prefect, Portia member and class secretary.

use **JUNE DUNN**—the life of "the Mob," is our efficient Red Cross representative, and is forever encouraging us on to greater efforts in paper-collecting. Portia.

JOAN HOCKING—the magnet of "the Mob," is official tabulator of absentees on the side board. "The 'sands' of time are sinking," or are they, Joan? Knitting.

MARY YONEDA—Quiet and charming, Mary works hard at school and consequently produces brilliant work. As well as being an excellent student, Mary is a very efficient Prefect. Home Nursing.

ISABEL HALE—has a trumpet which she has been learning to play earnestly even though she denies it. Nothing, not even unfinished homework, can dampen Isabel's spirit. Knitting.

MARION KENNEDY—House II. Girls' captain, does her level best to boost her teams. She always has much information about school activities to contribute during guidance period. Red Cross representative, Home Nursing, Basketball.

JOYCE BISHOP's laughter can be heard at the most inopportune moment. Bish is more interested in the school's social life than in curricular activities. Macmillan Club secretary, Portia.

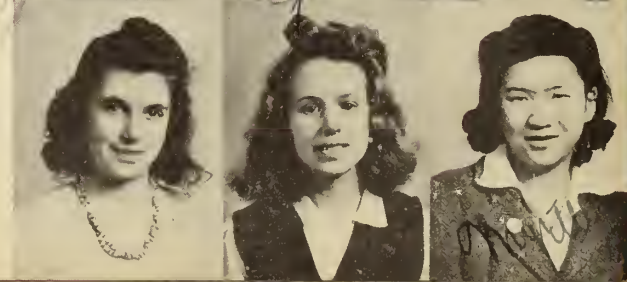
KAY DAVIDSON—One of those famous "Majorettes," wanders from class to class waiting for the school day to end. In any extra time, Kay plays basketball, badminton, etc. Knitting.

MASA HAMAGOUCHI—Quiet and charming in class, Masa can be relied upon to do her work thoroughly; outside of class she's as lively as anyone. Home Nursing.

JOYCE BAILEY—Her quiet manner does not always reveal her intellectual powers; however, Joyce is high on the honour list. We believe she'll make a competent teacher. Home Nursing.

MARIAN BRAITHWAITE—Usually very quiet, but she knows the answers when asked a question. Her only interruption in class is when she scurries in after the last bell. Home Nursing.

MYRTLE CHAN—Myrtle has an extensive wardrobe which we all admire. She admits quite casually she makes her own clothes and adds, "There's nothing to it." Knitting.





PEGGY PERRINS—Little Peggy always finds something to sing about. In the way of sports, she finds tennis the most interesting, and she plays a fine game. Knitting.

• **PHYLLIS LARSEN**—There is food for thought in the old adage: "Gentlemen prefer blondes." Phyllis is an excellent example. Sewing Club.

JEAN KIRTON—"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean"—till confronted with Virgil." Jean's naturally wavy golden hair is the envy of all. Sewing.



MARJORIE BARR—This smart dresser and ardent fan of Shawnigan Lake displays super-athletic ability as she tries to round the corner of room seventeen post 8.45. Home Nursing.

CRETA CHRISTIAN—Now, who says that brains and looks don't mix? Here's an exception! Charm and efficiency make a grand combination in Creta. Sewing.

GLEN ELLEN COPELAND—A darling bundle with lots of pep, and simply mad about cokes, swing records and Shawnigan. Home Nursing.



JODY CUNNINGHAM—She displays a very likeable personality and cheerful physiognomy—when she is here! Red Cross representative. President of Knitting Club.

NAN WILSON—A typical example of that inner quality, school spirit! If you see a streak zig-zagging down the corridor—that's Nan, attempting to keep her numerous dates as Prefect, House IV. captain, Students' Council representative, Camosun editor and Portia.

LOIS CARTER—Usually portrayed on the track as a "red streak," this red-headed package of femininity has a genial composition of natural beauty and rare humour. House I. captain, Knitting.



MYRTLE THOMPSON—Myrtle enlivens our Maths periods with her infectious smile and continuous chatter. Knitting Club.

JOAN DAUPHIN—A willowy brunette with greater than average mentality, and a decided aptitude for—shall we say—"air force blue." Sewing Club.

JOYCE BAYLISS—The Helen Hayes of old V. H. S. cuts a dashing figure in room seventeen as she keeps us posted on all the Macmillan Club activities. Portia.

ROGER HICKS—The mystery man of Division Two, Roger shrouds himself in quietness. The puns he devises in his solitude are just . . . well anyway, they're puns.

PETER JACK—To the utter exasperation of the teacher, Pete considers English a dead language. But he's a good lad although he indulges in some consolidated drivell. Air Cadets, rugby.

SYDNEY JACKMAN — "I say, old bean, have you seen my books?" From general appearances our able class secretary holds mortgages on several local libraries. Sydney helped us considerably in the school quiz. Camosun editor, Biology, Scholarship.

JIM McLAGAN—Here is a class president who carries weight. Jim is well-known by the friendly atmosphere which he imparts to others. Canadian football, rugby, air cadets.

STUART HAMILTON—"I (Stu) am a man after my own heart, and when Div. Two read their write-ups--well, that's where Ralph Fell and I came in." Prefect, Canadian football, rugby, air cadets.

ALF HEASLIP—Our man about town. Alf's bursting personality is always manifested during a dull period. Canadian football.

EARLE MORRISON—Our versatile Master of Ceremonies. Earle has done a great job in training the "Majorettes." His technical mind has devised an intricate drafting machine. Congrats, Earle. Band.

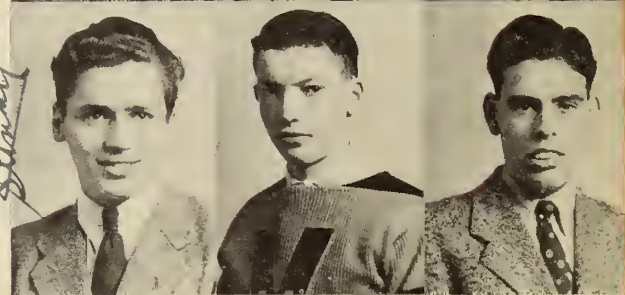
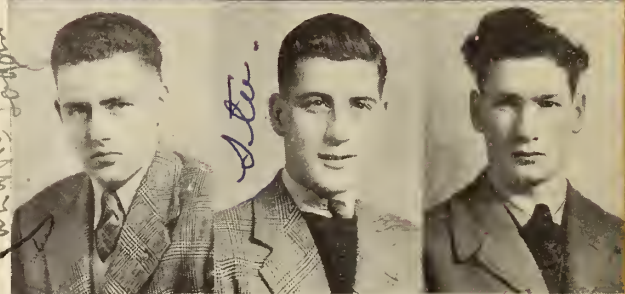
RALPH FELL—One of those scarce beings who possess enough grey matter to pull down the high marks. Camosun write-ups, prefect, air cadet.

MAURICE JORRE de SAINT JORRE—Exponent of slapstick comedy and brains behind the pep meetings. Maurice's artistic handiwork brings a multitude of "Ahs! and Ohs!" from Biology and Art students. Tennis, cadet officer.

GERRY GOULD—Here is a lad from the middle west
Who participates in the art of corniful jest.
Hockey, air cadets.

SYDNEY LADELL—A law unto himself. He decided not to take Maths this year—that's all there was to it! It's the way he chuckles about it that gets us down. Air cadet, hockey.

JACK McLENNAN—"One of the boys" coming in on the bus. What do you do at Colwood when you are absent (which is very often), Jack? Basketball.



Handwritten notes in the left margin:
 "Maurice Jorre" (written vertically next to the photo of Maurice Jorre)
 "Stu." (written vertically next to the photo of Stuart Hamilton)
 "Ralph" (written vertically next to the photo of Ralph Fell)

Handwritten signature:
 "Maurice Jorre de Saint Jorre"



MARGARET OSSELTON—Sewing Club.

A pretty brunette, cute and gay,
She's charming in every way.
Although she hasn't much to say,
We like her better every day.

MARJORIE OLTON—Sewing Club.

A lot of work within her, of that there is no doubt,
She has the vim and vigour, but the work just won't come out!

DAISY LEE—Knitting Club.

So gay, so slender, so neat,
All in all, she's hard to beat!



NORMA HURRY—A becoming coiffure, an enviable wardrobe, and an artistic musical ability which has been displayed in the auditorium during noon hours. Thanks, Norm, we appreciated it. Red Cross representative, Portia.

FRIEDA JAMES—A very capable Red Cross secretary, as the results of our cent-a-week fund denote. This is no doubt through her natural sincerity and pleasing personality. Sewing.

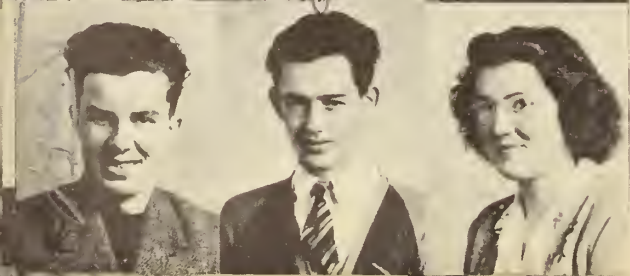
PAT HALE—Always on hand to pour forth her "ready wit" to keep our spirits up. Pat is another argument for "never a dull moment." Sewing.



SYBIL LEE—She can frequently be seen exchanging words and watches before P. T. periods with Daisy. Syb has a very amiable disposition—in other words, she's tops! Knitting.

LORNA CROSS—Cheerfulness personified. Petite "Blondie" gives her undivided attention to the University School, while we sit and wonder what is wrong with our "Cassanovas." Sewing.

FAITH WOODWARD—Faith has a superfluous vocabulary of elongated words and, incidentally, is partial to an individual in Division 5. Portia.



BERT MOORE—He chews the live-long day,
While his mind gang aft a-gley,
But the pennies he socks in the Red Cross box
Keep us from having to pay.

DON McLEAN—A new arrival this year to our academy of learning, Don can usually be counted on to afford some amusement in an agonizing period. Air cadet.

JEAN MOORE—A new member of our Division—at least, since September. Jean has mastered everything from Tourniquets to Tunicates. Home Nursing.

DON ROSS—Our fair-haired lad from four-mile hill seems to be quite a sportsman. There are rumours that he shoots ducks all year round. Soccer.

BILL COLLIER—Bill constitutes the other half of the Moore & Collier Wrigley Chewers' Association. However, we hear that doesn't affect his good history marks! Lacrosse, cadet officer.

RALPH BAXTER—Ralph's six foot four of skin and bones (especially in the leg) has left quite an impression on the lintels of the door of Room 17. Basketball, air cadets.



IVAN BURCH—Our local expert on quizzes, current events and mining, he is one of the most likeable members of our Div.—all 185 pounds of him.

GRAHAM NOBBS—If you see a familiar face peering out from under a naval cap, look twice, it may be Nobbie on his way to Sea Cadets. Cadet Major.

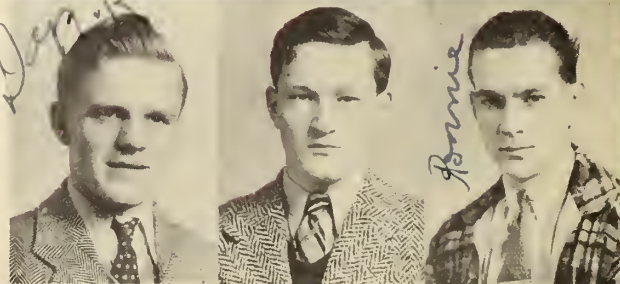
THOMAS ENG—That Oriental whirlwind who thrills us all with his own version of our English teacher's assignments. Basketball, air cadet.



DON KERLEY—The local Harry James of our fair institution. How do we know? A little Byrdie told us. Band.

BILL MORESBY—One of those few men liberally endowed with both brains and muscle. Bill also is our class expert on law. Representative rugby.

RON MacDONALD—Mix a lot of plaid jacket, some Alec Templeton, a swing band, and admiring crowds and you have Ron, manoeuvring his nimble fingers in choice licks of boogy-woogy on the piano, Gym prefect, air cadets.



RON THORPE—Broad-shouldered Ron may oft be seen dreaming of bygone days when men were free and school had not been invented. Badminton, basketball, softball, air cadet.

ERNIE McCOY—Our idea of school spirit personified. Tick plans a career in politics—we're sure he'll make a success of it. Gym team, Hi-Y, rugby, prefect, House III. captain.

GORDIE RALSTON—Any resemblance between our curly-headed and his shredded namesake is purely coincidental. Cadet lieutenant, rugby.





JOAN LOUIE—An entertaining and pleasant person who intends to become a Social Service worker in China—a really worthwhile ambition. Prefect, Portia.

BETTY HUTTON—"Such dimples." Betty is a positive genius for making friends, a fact which puts her tops with everyone. Library, Prefect, Portia.

MARY EDWARDS—One half of Province-Edwards Incorporated. She is really the best of fun when she gets "hep." Knitting.



BEVERLY SOUTH—Gentle Beverly's mind works in the direction of hockey and French—but for vastly different reasons! Knitting.

IDA SIMON—A most versatile person who is continually surprising everyone with her many accomplishments. But beware of those laughing eyes—they're really magnetic. Library Prefect, Portia, Hi-Y.

PAM ALDER—Pam doesn't believe in hurrying. After all a girl has to collect her thoughts, doesn't she, Pam? Knitting.



JEAN GRAY—A truly irresistible grin has she, as well as being a top-notch scientist. Portia, Scholarship.

TANNIS MARTIN—A most amiable personality who performs her Red Cross duties excellently. Portia.

MOIRA FOWLER—Moira is a newcomer whose ability to be pleasant to everyone has won her many friends.



MARIAN MILLAR—The way Mag twirls her baton is symbolic of the power she has over everything and everyone. Thanks, Marian, for your many willing accompaniments on the piano. Home Nursing.

MILDRED EDMONDS—"I'm bubbling over. . ." An efficient, efficacious, effervescent individual whose quaint mannerisms continually delight the class. Portia, Hi-Y, Music.

JOAN PEARSON—One of the few Vic High students who is a member of the Girls' Drill Team. Nicc stepping, Joan! Knitting.

ALEX PORTER—Alex will argue with you about anything and everything from women's hats to the foreign situation, and usually comes out on top. Library prefect.

al Porter
DON HOLMS—Don has a habit of exasperating teachers with his "Harvard type" questions. We understand that "Holmsie" is writing for a scholarship. Here's luck. Library prefect.

Yoshio Shimizu
YOSHIO SHIMIZU—One of the brightest and most cheerful boys in our Div., whose activities include a great game of basketball and getting down on his knees for the cent-a-week fund.

QUENTIN LAKE—Air cadet.

When a badminton racket he's not swinging,
Or Miss Douglas' music isn't singing,
What is he doing?
He's out with a plaid skirt, madly flinging.

John Profit
JOHN PROFIT—This fair-haired chap lends a touch of ye olde Englande to our institution. He comes to school in a car, or are you hoarding scrap metal, John?

JACK LEIGHTON—A popular newcomer to the school, Jack's English book is a masterpiece of cartooning that would make Disney look twice.

Yasuo Hasegawa
YASUO HASEGAWA—Pete is one of the quieter members of our class, but his sunny disposition has made him everybody's friend. Cadets.

Cedric Jones
CEDRIC JONES—A staunch supporter of the "Home Paper," may be heard spouting its praises whenever he has the opportunity.

TORREY McCALL—This dashing young fellow can be seen at the Arena or doing yeoman service in Hi-Y. Tugs also has a winning smile which softens many feminine hearts.

Lim
LIM LEE—One of the best tennis players in the school, Lim has that seldom-acquired knack of getting always in the 90's.

JOHN GILL—We all envy John his wavy blond hair, pleasing personality and especially the fact that he can relax when exams come. Cadet captain, Hi-Y.

EDDIE HULFORD—He supplies the Bach, Beethoven and Brahms influence in our Div., and can often be heard expounding the benefits to be gained by joining the Maemillan Club. Prefect, Cadet Lieutenant.





BOB RIDDLE—Our chubby chief magistrate whose deep liquid voice may be heard ringing the rafters of Room 16 with terse announcements. Prefect, Rugby, Hi-Y, Soccer.

LOIS RUSSELL—Now you see her, now you don't. Lois smiles blandly and gets away with it—that's what we call personality plus . . . tact. Knitting.

MARY LOU SMITH—Don't let the silent exterior fool you! She's a good companion and we like her quiet wit. Portia.



BARBARA UNSWORTH—A flashing smile, a happy disposition and a reputation for great accuracy in typing—that's Barb. Knitting.

ARLINE McCULLOCH—A quiet, capable type of girl who is never ruffled by all the adventures (??) of school life. Portia.

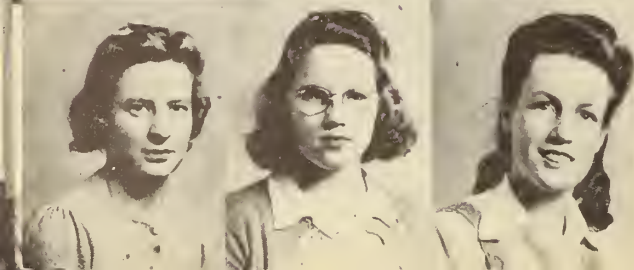
PATTY SWAIN—"I'm unhappy," sighs Patty, on rare days when she takes time off from laughter. Where she goes the atmosphere is brighter. Portia.



ALICE TOURTELLOTTE—The charming manners of this gifted little miss are a source of much delight to Portia audiences. Prefect, Portia, badminton.

ELAINE PROVINCE—One of those rare "mathemagicians," but who wakes the class up with her chuckles in Social Studies period. Knitting.

GLADYS NIPP—A small member of our class who manages to look conveniently insignificant in those awful moments when our teachers are searching for a victim. Sewing.



FRANCES JAMES—She portrayed the hero of Shakespeare's tragedy (?) "Macbeth" as neither the playwright nor Portia meant it to be presented! Fran also supplies the "A's" for our class. Portia.

ADELE HOWARD—Everyone's friend, Adèle is rather quiet. Because she finished French last year, she reads comic books while the rest of us cram vocabs. Portia.

ALICE COMBER—She wanted to be a telephone operator, but found she lacked the necessary five feet. Never mind, Alice, you probably spend much of your time answering 'phones, anyway. Prefect, Portia.

EVERLYN ALEXANDOR—Bubbling Bubby has personality plus with smiles for everyone. If she's late for class, you can bet singing has something to do with it. Portia's capable president, also. Take a bow, Bubby!

SHIRLEY NOEL—Popular waltzing miss of the operetta, Shirley knows all, sees all and tells nothing! But she's not shy, just busy. Portia secretary, badminton.

HELEN FINLAYSON—"Her hair was like the raven's wing . . . etc." (naturally curly, too!). But beneath the calm and beautiful exterior lies a heart of plaid! Sewing.

JOAN MUTRIE—An all-round sportsman, Joan swings a mean badminton racket. If you can't find her one Sunday afternoon, look for a girl dashing round on a horse. Sewing.

JOYCE DEY—The girl who believes in looking up algebra answers in the back of the book to make sure Mr. Brand isn't getting off the beam. Hi-Y

FRANCES CLEMO—Five foot ten of sunshine, possessing a large amount of patience and ready wit. She also plays the guitar, we hear. Portia, basketball.

FREDA NATTRASS—She supplies an endless number of pennies to those who forget their "cent-a-week." She recently represented Vic High on "Dollars for Scholars." Portia, Choirs.

GERTRUDE LANE—At ping-pong, Gert is an expert. She has a good share of "grey matter," too, and is everyone's friend. Sewing, badminton.

PATTY PAYTE—Prefects aren't perfect, are they, Patty? Pat gets detention for an unlocked locker as fast as she hands slips out to other forgetful victims. Portia, Hi-Y.

LES ROGERS—A great pal of Art's; in fact they have gone through school together—so far.

ART HADFIELD—Earns his fortune at papers—he must almost own the Times by now. We must not forget Pat, or is it now a blonde??

THELMA REYNOLDS—Red Cross and Macmillan Club representative, Camosun editor, prefect, and a member of the cast of the play, Thelma is popular with us all and a firm believer that Air Force blue is all right.





DENIS CROCKETT—A lieutenant-colonel, Dennie gave up being late when the office threatened to mimeograph his name on the yellow slips. House I. captain.

IAN TYLOR—"Baldy," one of Mr. Roper's chief worries, insists on putting extra movements in every exercise. House IV. captain, lacrosse, dancing instructor, choir.

DOUG HUNTER—Never seemed happy except in lacrosse season, but now he seems to have taken to skating with equal enthusiasm. Talent Parade.



JOHN PENKETH—Johnny seems to have a special liking for rugby, the wide, open country and four-hour shows. Lacrosse, basketball, soccer, Talent Parade.

BILL ROURKE—Although most loyal to Vic High during the Kiwanis Cup Rugby, Bill still seems to have a liking for a certain person at College. Cuts and illustrations for Camosun, Talent Parade. "*Nickie*"

TOM HALBERT—Quite an expert on acroplanes, hockey and algebra, but when it comes to English—Tom just isn't there! Basketball, Talent Parade.



Laverne
LAVERNE SANDS—Well, girls, what more could you want? Fair wavy hair, blue eyes, broad shoulders and an air cadet uniform.

JOHN FOXGORD—John knows more about movie projectors and stage settings than some professionals, and it is said that he can stump Mr. Cumberbirch at times.

JOHN ESSIROS—Though he's trying hard to learn book-keeping, John can tell you much more about camera lenses or developing solution. Camosun pictures.



DON COLLIS—A man with great potential wealth—a model A and FIVE spare tires. Don left us at Easter and will probably be flying a P-40 soon.

DOUG MacSWEEN—Was it on account of his English marks that he left us just after Christmas to become a machinist? Basketball, soccer.

JACK WEBER—Provides many a laugh for the class and many a tear for the teachers. Jack can always be depended upon for a small touch.

FRED NESBITT—One of the silent members of our class, whose quietness speaks volumes when reports are issued. A keen air cadet, Fred can tell you what type of 'plane is buzzing around. Canadian football.

COLIN MacDONALD—His daily ambition is to hear the 3.15 bell ring. He can be considered an expert typist—he now has reached 15 words per minute!!??

GEORGE MAGGS—"Six-foot-one" of brawn and brains, George seems to sleep through his classes, but always comes out with good marks!



HERB MARRION—Can always be found where there's any important school activity, usually with a popular phonograph record in his possession. Library prefect.

GERRY DUNN—Part of the Peterson-Dunn "hot-sweater" team. Gerry seems to think that algebra is a thing of the past and Mary a thing of the future! Talent Parade.



BUD PETERSON—"Zeke," our star rugby player, never is really happy 'till Saturday rolls around. He portrayed a bold and courageous Col. Gratz in the "Viennese Fantasy." Regimental Sergeant-major, rugby.

TED O'NEIL—He and Dick must know every N. H. L. player since "King" Clancy's time. Too bad Social Studies is compulsory, eh, Ted? Cadets.

DICK CHUNGRANES—Vic High's super-athlete. Captained the winning Russell Cup team. Also plays basketball, ice-hockey and most other known sports. Need we say more?



LES HOLDING—"Maxie" seems to be our "all-round" man. His innocent wise-cracks have brightened many a registration period. Class president.

HUGH McLEOD—One of Mr. Brand's harder equations in algebra, Hugh just doesn't solve. However, he really makes it up in his Red Cross work. Prefect, Talent Parade.

LAURIE CURRY—Laurie never seems to have much to say, but his skating speaks for itself. Maths seems to puzzle him—personally we don't wonder.

GEORGE DOUGLAS—Though he carries an immense number of books with him, George finds it hard to distinguish between "Robespierre" and "Danton."





PHILIP HONG—No big noise about it but he always gets results. An up and coming air cadet.

BOB HURDLE—He has that air about him that resembles Adolph, not Hitler, but Menjou. This causes many admiring glances from the fairer sex.

DALLAS PERRY—School in the morning, work in the day,
Yet all the high marks do come his way.



Bob Zellinsky
BOB ZELLINSKY—Our Council president and energetic whirlwind, whose untiring efforts have made this year's activities a tremendous success. Rugby, Lieutenant, Hi-Y, Glee Club, Camosunet, Gym team and cheer leader.

Dick Brawn
DICK BRAWN—Our renowned vocalist who received fame far and wide for his performance in the Talent Parade. Vice-president of Council, Hi-Y, Camosunet, soccer, rugby, prefect and tennis.

TOM KERSHAW—So many things on his mind, one of them is sure to be left behind. Cadet Major, representative basketball and soccer, Hi-Y, Glee Club, Gym team, Class president.



DICK CAINS—Dick is new to our school this year and comes in every day from Sooke. The player on the representative basketball team who is the sports' idol. Canadian football.

HAROLD MCKENZIE—This tall, strong man also throws his weight around on the basketball floor. While driving in from Sooke every morning, Harold's job is to keep Dick awake. Canadian football.

DOUG SHADBOLT—Only a student like Doug could handle a position like Editor-in-Chief of the Camosun. The best draftsman in the school and a sergeant in the Air Cadets. Prefect.



Bill Ketcham
DON NELSON—A tall, quiet boy who really kicks that ball around in Soccah! Ah! that determined look he possesses.

BOB ROGERS—A great philosopher as philosophers go, who is well versed in Current Events. Bob has his application in for the Air Force, all ready.

BILL KETCHAM—His smile, like sunshine, darts into many a fickle heart—but what happened to the last one, Bill?

DERIC RIGBY—Me and my auto-cycle, also my bike,
Air Force and aeroplanes, that's what I like. Air cadets.

JACK T'ANSON—Another lad who has no trouble in attaining high marks. He can tell you anything about an aeroplane.

ERIC MOORE—Eric receives extra knowledge packing books after school in the Public Library. Eric has high hopes?



PETER CHOW—Who would think that this quiet member of our student body is a whizz on the basketball floor?

GEORGE CHAN—One boy who does not have to worry about taking home his report. Ah! but his hidden talent comes out when he whistles all of the latest tunes.

ALAN GOSSE—Let us hear thy voice and we may happy be! But no, he speaks but little. Al hopes to be a Diesel engineer. Here's luck to him!



BILL WIRTANEN—That great combination of "The Mercury, my girl friends and me." Bill's laughter is one of the bright spots in Room 18. Ruggah!

DON ELWORTHY—House II. captain, Victoria Junior Table Tennis.
Fear not such a sudden deluge of noise,
'Tis only Don with some of the other boys.
But Don's all right with everyone.

GORDIE CHAMBERS—The lad who keeps the fairer sex guessing and vice-versa. Gordie did everything in the Talent Parade but pull the curtain. Cadets, rugby, glee club.



DON SHAW—A smooth dancer and good dresser who lives for that brain- and muscle-building sport called Canadian football. Hi-Y, cadet captain, soccer, rugby.

WARREN GEORGE—"Let us, then, be up and doing," is probably "Waddy's" favourite saying, although he never uses it. Prefect, cadet major, gym team, badminton.

RON WAKEFIELD—Lives at home and in the chem. lab., except in summer and spring, when it's the tennis court. Camosun staff, cadet lieutenant.





LENNOX CLARK—The class' practical joker who was unanimously elected to collect tooth paste tubes. It's the navy for Len, a dead-shot in the Sea Cadets.

WALTER YEAMANS—"I go to school." Period. This witty lad throws his weight around in Canadian football and represents the school in rugby. Air cadet.

GEORGE BOSDET—Ah! that familiar phrase, "Let George do it." This capable president of the Macmillan Club also handles our paper collection. Students' Council, Talent Parade, Hi-Y, rugby.



TED BROWNE—When it comes to aeroplanes and photography, Ted is the one and only authority. What a man he is in that air cadet uniform??

GEORGE LESLIE—"Who's that fellow in the crimson sweater carrying the ball?" That's George. Former University School tennis and boxing champion, Victoria Rep. Team.

DON ADAMS—Don spends his leisure hours reading and that is why he has no trouble in getting A's in English. Badminton.



FRANK NEATE—Scholarship, air cadet.
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That this small head could carry all he knew.

BUD LOTT—Bud returned to our institution in April and helped swell our Div. of notables. An outstanding athlete who was a member of the Kiwanis Cup Team while in Grade X. Hi-Y.

JIM LYLE—Jim's troubles begin and end in the Maths period. His hobbies are boats, cars and anything that ticks.



JACK HEMNI—Jack can be seen with his camera at all school activities. Besides his keen interest in his camera he has a great liking for basketball.

DIRK VAN MAANEN—Regarding a strange time-table, this boy seems to excell all others. He also swings a mean tennis racquet. A.R.P.

DAN McLELLAN—"Why seek to know? Enjoy the merry shrovetide of thy youth!" Dan's slogan is, "I won't be late—I've got a minute to go!" Glee Club.

ERNIE WELLWOOD—He played the leading rôle in the Drama Festival entry, "The Boy Abe." Ernie has also put forth all his energies into the Red Cross, of which he is vice-president. Students' Council.

LES PRESCOTT—Air Cadet.

His manner is shy, his air is meek,
And seldom he a word doth speak.

However, Les has proved himself a most practical fellow.

ELMER CURTIS—An authority on any topic, any place, any time. Elmer is very popular and always carries a constant smile with him. Basketball, soccer.



DON LAND—The heart of all things he embraces,

This boy of such a genial mood;
But yet of such fastidious taste,
He never finds the best too good.

VERNON BLANCHARD—At being a sport, he does surpass
All the others in the class.

PHYLLIS LEA—Phyl Lea of House III. (captain)
All at sea—who isn't? Home Nursing, basketball.



HELEN McDONALD—Majorette, Camosunet, Knitting.

She twirls a fast stick, she's really quite slick;
She's got a line that's simply divine.

BARBARA WILSON—Majorette, Operetta, Knitting.

She has a personality that knocks you in the eye,
She leaves joy and laughter where'er she passes by.

KAY SIMPSON—Majorette, Talent Parade, Sr. Chorus, Knitting.

She's quick and cute, she's quite 'a "beaut."
With Irish eyes and pretty smile, many boys doth she beguile.



THELMA HAWKINS—Sr. Chorus, Operetta, Knitting.

Wavy black hair; she's not on the shelf,
She needs no description, she speaks for herself.

PEGGY READY—Sr. Chorus, Operetta, Knitting.

People who think brains and beauty don't mix
Don't know Peggy, the belle of Div. 6.

EVA BARRIE—Students' Council, Operetta, Knitting.

Small stature, short skirts,
Unique hair styles, Ted's shirts.





MARJORIE PARSONS—Macmillan Club, Operetta, Knitting.
She's little, she is wise,
She's a terror for her size.

DOROTHY MacLENNAN—Sr. Chorus, Operetta, Knitting.
And all should cry, "Beware, beware!"
Her flashing eyes, her floating hair.

MAVIS GREEN—Sr. Chorus, Red Cross, Tennis, Home Nursing.
Mavis Green is seventeen,
Air Force Blue—we like her too.



OLIVE SAM—Sewing.
In paying compliments Olive does excel,
And all her classmates think she's swell.

BETTY LIM—Knitting.
Always smiling, never grim,
That's our little Betty Lim.

EUNICE LEE—Badminton, Table Tennis, Knitting.
Eunice is apt at making clothes,
How she does it, no one knows.



ETHEL CLAPSON—Band, Home Nursing, Sr. Chorus, House I. secretary.
A sour note on the clarinet
Comes from Ethel, you may bet.

LOUISE BOWDEN—Sewing.
Here's a girl who oft has lamented
"Why was homework ever invented?"

ELSIE FOSTER—Sr. Chorus, Special Chorus, Portia.
Her actions—quiet and demure,
Her thoughts—well, we're not so sure.



KAY STEWARD—Knitting.
Her chuckle is charming, her manner gay,
Her smile is disarming—This is Kay.

HIDEKO ONISHI—Home Nursing.
Though she's left for unknown parts,
She still remains in all our hearts.

MILDRED KERR—Knitting, Sect. of Red Cross, Sr. Chorus, Prefect, Camosun.
Call her Milly, call her Pete,
By any name she's just as sweet.

EVELYN WONG—Knitting.

Evelyn in this world will go far along,
Because we know she'll never do "Wong."

MAY LEE—Knitting.

We all agree that May Lee
Has a flair for short hair.

VICKY JIM—Knitting.

Flashing eyes, great big beaux,
Many friends, and no foes.

AUDREY HOFFMAN—Knitting.

Audrey had a little bike that took her to and fro,
And everywhere that Audrey went, the bike was sure to go.

JOY PAYNE—Knitting.

Table tennis is her game, by it she will ride to fame;
And as the years progress, she'll gain more success.

EDNA CURTIS—Knitting.

A giggle heard around the room,
Teacher says, "Edna, I presume."

VERNA RHODE—Knitting.

She's charming, sweet and very neat,
You can't deny, she catches your eye.

JOYCE WALLACE—Operetta, Knitting, Sr. Chorus.

Joyce joins in the fun and laughter; she's everybody's pal;
We'll not forget her ever after, 'cause she's one swell gal.

JUANITA ARTHUR—Students' Council secretary, Prefect, Knitting.

It's nice to be natural if you're naturally nice;
Need we say more, or does that suffice?

LORNA CROCKER—Knitting.

Red-gold hair and sweet disposition,
Lorna's the girl who fills this position.

PEGGY BUTTERFIELD—Sr. Chorus, Knitting.

Peggy will sing at our request
Beethoven or swing with considerable zest.

OLIVE FOX—House II. secretary, Home Nursing, Sr. Chorus.

Olive is foxy and knows how to talk
When teachers are near without being caught.





KAY SMITH—Knitting.
"Smithy" is her nickname, Verna is her chum,
They're always seen together as to school they come.

LEOLA RIDDELL—Knitting.
She is quiet, she is shy; we hardly know she's there;
Till all at once we hear her say, " 'Socials' gets in my hair."

WINNIE ESTRIDGE—Sr. Chorus, Knitting.
Always laughing, never quiet,
That is Winnie's steady diet.

Barbie **BARBARA MUNRO**—the socialite of "the Mob," spends only the morning with us. We wish Barbie the best of luck when she enters the nursing profession at St. Joseph's in September.

RUTH PURSER—We were all sorry when Ruth left us this year, and we wish her the best of luck at business school. Knitting.

PATRICIA HUGHES—When Pat left, much of the brightness left adult period. We won't forget you soon, Pat! Home Nursing.

BARBARA KEMP—Barb found that every other day at school was too much for her. Home Nursing.

FRANK MOORE—Frank left us earlier in the term to work at the B. C. Telephone Company. Piano.

JACK KING—It was a great blow to the army cadets when Major King left us.

BARRY HARPER—Much wit and humour left our class when Barry joined the staff of the Boeing Aircraft. He had his own Camosunet column.

GEORGE McLURE—One of the few seniors who developed a "five-o'clock" shadow each day. Left to join the R.C.A.F.

LYLE BARNES—He never did figure out the use of Indian clubs for P. T. Lyle said "au revoir" to us at Christmas.

DENNIS SHUBROOK—Although he took a job at V. M. D., Denny is still remembered by us for his good soccer playing.

JOHN DI CASTRI—This tall, dark and handsome lad left us early in the year. Nevertheless "Doc" was well known for his dramatic and artistic ability. Prefect.

AGNES LE BUS—"Aggie" was such a nice girl that we are quite sure that anything we could say about her would be an understatement. Knitting.

FLORA MacDONALD—She left us to attend Sprott-Shaw Business School. Good luck, Flora. Portia.

DOREEN TUPMAN—If there's any mistakes in your telephone bills—just see Doreen. Half the sunshine of Div. 6 left with her. Choir.

MARY WILKINSON—Mary's career faded from the annals of V.H.S. last term. Choir.

DORA LORNE—We were sorry when Dora left us early in the year. Knitting.

Events of the Year...

Sept. 25—FIRST PEP MEETING: The opening event of the year, this meeting was sponsored by the "Camosunet" to encourage the sale of subscriptions. Dick Brawn and Bob Zellinsky were M.C.'s.

Oct. 17—PRELIM WELCOME & DANCE: Before the afternoon dance, the Prelims were welcomed on behalf of the Students' Association by its president, Bob Zellinsky. The dance was held in the Gym to the music of Ted Spencer's orchestra.

INTRODUCTION OF SCHOOL SWEATERS: A specially designed sweater was adopted by the Council. This sweater has the school colours, black and gold, worked into a grey background. The school crest is on the front. To encourage the sale of these sweaters, five members of the Students' Council modelled them for a week before the drive was inaugurated.

HALLOWE'EN DANCE: To promote the sale of War Savings Stamps the Girls' Hi-Y sponsored this dance. A voluntary orchestra supplied the music in the gayly decorated gymnasium.

Nov. 28—VISIT TO THE CORVETTES: The students of the school were given a holiday to visit the corvettes stationed at Ogden Point. They were shown over the ships by the seamen on board.

Dec. 19 — CHRISTMAS DANCE: This was a very special occasion as it was the first night dance to be held in the school year. Bert Humphries' popular four-piece orchestra supplied the music and the programme was under the direction of Stan Peden, M.C.

Dec. 1-19—During the two weeks preceding the Christmas holidays, the student body heard several fine speeches, entries in the Oratorical Contest. The judges awarded Sydney Jackman first place.

Dec. 19 to Jan. 5—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS: Enjoyed by all!

Jan. 14 — GARRISON BAND CONCERT: This too, was a notable event in that it was the first of a series of concerts presented by the newly-formed Macmillan Club. Bandmaster G. E. Bowers presented a short concert of military and secular music which was welcomed warmly by a large audience.

Feb. 13—CO-ED DANCE: The tables were turned and it was the girls' turn to take the boys and the dances. Eva Barrie, chairman of the Social Committee of the Students' Council, was Mistress of Ceremonies. This dance was a big success.

Feb. 20—INTERHOUSE QUIZ: The first of a series, this quiz was between Houses I. and IV. The House IV. team was the winner.

(continued on p. 30)

Events of the Year—continued

Feb. 21—INDOOR TRACK MEET: This annual event ran more smoothly than ever this year, House IV. breaking the winning jinx of House III. House cheer teams, highly organized events and an abundance of school spirit made this one of the real highlights of the year.

Feb. 25—KIWANIS CUP RUGBY GAME: This game is truly the classic culmination of school spirit of the year. A brass band, an organized cheering section, and a group of Drum Majorettes under the leadership of Earle Morrison showed the superiority of organization over the College outfit. There follows a blow by blow description of the game by Phil Narod: "Play in the first half was fairly even although College scored all of their points then. The first score for College was a penalty shot by Wally Williams on a High School offside. Shortly after, Williams, taking a pass, raced over for a try and also made the kick. Just before the half, Vic. High scored its first points on a penalty goal by Dick Chungranes.

"Half-time score—8-3 for College.

"After the breather, during which the majorettes put on a great show, Vic. High opened up with an all-out offensive. 'Baldy' Taylor picked up the ball on the College line and plunged over for three points. Again High School kept up its desperate drive which was stopped only by Collège's good tackling. George Leslie managed, however, to hammer his way across

the line for the final score. The kick failed, leaving the final score 9-8 for Vic. High."

Mar. 10 & 11—TALENT PARADE: The operetta "Viennese Fantasy" was the highlight of this successful event. Many thanks are due Miss Norma Douglas, through whose efforts this was produced. Dick Brawn and Byrdie Eilers are to be commended for their fine performances also.

Mar. 20—INTER-HOUSE QUIZ: This time between Houses II. and III. House III. won this one but still has to face House IV.

April—DRAMA FESTIVAL: Victoria High's successful production "The Boy Abe," under the direction of Miss Ella Cameron, received the most comments from the adjudicator. Those responsible for this fine performance were Sydney Jackman, Joyce Bayliss, Eddie Hulford and Ernie Wellwood.

April 30—ARMY CADET INSPECTION: The school cadets were inspected by Major Critchley (Provincial Inspector of Cadets).

May 11—MISS VICTORY ELECTIONS: Gwen Mann was V.H.S.' choice for Victoria's Miss Victory.

May 29—SPORTS DAY:

May 29—Evening - MATRIC BANQUET & DANCE:

—PATTY PAYTE.

Students' Council...

Our school's business and social affairs have this year been efficiently controlled by the President, Bob Zellinsky, with the guidance of our staff advisor, Mr. Heywood. The council consists of twenty-three members divided up into standing committees.

Major activities of the school year under the sponsorship of the council were a series of special dances in aid of the Red Cross, dancing classes for grade nine students, and the Talent Parade. Funds to equip the cheering section, choirs, majorettes, and sports teams were supplied from association funds.

The council, although few students realize it, is under the wary eye of a group of advisors to the various committees. We would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Heywood, general advisor, Miss Maxwell, social advisor, Mr. Johns, publicity advisor, Miss Eaton, financial advisor, and the various House sponsors for their invaluable assistance throughout the year.

The committees are as follows:

Executive.....	BOB ZELLINSKY, President. DICK BRAWN, Vice-president. NITA ARTHUR, Secretary. MARY ENGELHARDT, Treas.
Social	EVA BARRIE, Chairman. STAN PEDEN. MIRIAM ALDER.
Publicity.....	GEORGE BOSDET, Chairman. JIM CRAWFORD. JOY SPRINKLING. LAUCLAN FLEMING.



Finance.....	MARY ENGELHARDT, Chairm'n JOHN BOSDET. RALPH ANDERSON.
House Captains.....	DENNY CROCKETT, Chairman. LOIS CARTER. MARION KENNEDY, Secretary. DON ELWORTHY. PHYLLIS LEA. ERNIE McCOY. NAN WILSON. IAN TAYLOR.
Red Cross Representative:	ERNIE WELLWOOD.
Camosun Editor.....	DOUG SHADBOLT.

—NITA ARTHUR.

HOUSE I. REPORT

House I. was again under the able sponsorship of Miss M. Hamilton and Mr. D. Wallis. House Captains were Dennis Crockett and Lois Carter, with Dick Chungranes, vice-captain, and Ethel Clapson, secretary. Grade Representatives were:

Grade XI.—Ida Bianco and Alf Duplain.

Grade X.—Doreen Ball and Albert Denoni.

Grade IX.—Miriam Alder and Bill Cunningham.

House I. was first in Girls' Basketball, Boys' Basketball and Girls' Badminton, second in Soccer and Grass Hockey, third in Rugby.

House notables: Dick Chungranes, Dick Cains and Denny Crockett, Boys' Sports; Lois Carter, Mafalda Di Iorio and Daphne Bourque, Girls' Sports; Evelyn Alexander, President of Portia; George Bosdet, President of Macmillan Club; Dick Brawn, Vice-president of the Students' Council.

House I. wishes to thank all who co-operated to make this year's activities a success.

—DENNY CROCKETT.

HOUSE II. REPORT

Sponsored by Miss McKee and Mr. Cumberbirch, House II. has completed a successful year, thanks to Don Elworthy and Marion Kennedy, House Captains. Grade representatives are:

Grade 12—Mildred Edmonds and Don Kerley.

Grade 11—Pat Hanbury and Reg. Flemming.

Grade 10—Mary Kingsley and Syd Glover.

Grade 9—Shirley Howard and Laughlin Fleming.

House II. partook in all activities, gaining second place in the Indoor Track Meet.

The executive wishes to thank all House II. members for help and co-operation throughout this year, and sincerely hope that this spirit will be continued.

Notables: Basketball, Marion Kennedy, Tom Kershaw, Thomas Eng; Badminton, Warren George, Pat Hanbury; Rugby, Harold Irwin; Track, Pat Hanbury, Tom Halbert; Brains, Mildred Edmonds, Sydney Jackman, Don Holms; Music, Byrdie Eilers, Don Kerley, Margaret Husband; Red Cross President, Brenda Kent.

—MARY ENGELHARDT.

HOUSE III. REPORT

Under the able supervision of Miss Cameron and Mr. Brand, House III. has again completed a successful year in the realm of sports and studies.

The members of the executive were: Boys' Captain, Ernest "Tick" McCoy; Girls' Captain, Phyllis Lea; Grade XI. Representatives, Stan Peden and Dorie Nunn; Grade X. Representatives, Bill McDonald and Joan MacDonald.

Although we have done well, House III. has not captured as many first places as before. Top honours were annexed in Junior Girls' Basketball, Grass Hockey and Rugby, and second place in Badminton.

Notables in the above sports are: Lorraine McDonald and Olive Mair, Junior Basketball; Marg. McAllister, Grass Hockey; Rugby, John Penketh and Bill McDonald; Badminton, Marion Millar.

To next year's executive we say: "Good luck." To members of House III., "Thanks a Million."

—PHYLLIS LEA.



HOUSE I. EXECUTIVE



HOUSE II. EXECUTIVE



HOUSE III. EXECUTIVE



HOUSE IV. EXECUTIVE

HOUSE IV. REPORT

Letters from Q to Z comprise the students in House IV. This year the executive is as follows:

Captains, Ian Taylor and Nan Wilson.

Representatives, Ida Simon and Bob Riddle, Grade 12; Daphne Stansby and Harry Wood, Grade 11; Norma Turner and Len Read, Grade 10; Maude Wallace and Claude Wheeler, Grade 9.

House IV. came first in Indoor Track Meet this year. The boys carried off the Soccer honours, were second in Rugby and Basketball, and the girls did well in Basketball and Hockey.

House notables: Bob Zellinsky, President of the Students' Council; Ernie Wellwood, "Abe Lincoln" in the play, "The Boy Abe"; Doug Shadbolt, Editor-in-Chief of Camosun, and Ed Rowley, trombonist.

We wish to thank Miss Eaton and Mr. Gilliland for their helpful advice through the year.

—KAY SIMPSON, Secretary.

CAMOSUNET REPORT

During the school year of 1941-42 the Camosunet has published super editions under the sponsorship of Mrs. Hazel Hodson and the guidance of our newspaper man, Alf Duplain. With Alf as Editor-in-Chief several novel ideas have been introduced, the most important of these being the formation of the Camosunet Honorary Fellowship, membership in which is indicated by the wearing of a triangular-shaped black and gold pin bearing the initials C.H.F. At this time only twelve students have been presented with these pins by the Chief Editor, who chose these for their constant efforts and hard work in making the school paper both a financial and a literary success.

The position of Senior and Literary Editor was this year held by Gloria Kendall, and Associate Editors were Joan King, Phyllis Wakefield (also a birthday reporter) and Bob Zellinsky (top advertising solicitor). These much harassed people were aided by many other lads and lassies (for names read the masthead of a recent Camosunet). Dick Brawn directed the collection and soliciting of advertising and so pulled the paper out of the red. Circulation and Publicity were managed by Helen McDonald. The all-important man who kept our finances straight was Jack Wallis.

Due to the question of priorities in Canada to-day the Camosunet is in rather an unstable situation. The government is reducing the use of metal cuts for newspaper photos and in time may forbid "incidental printing," under which category the Camosunet falls. The staff feels though, that because of the efforts of all concerned, they could make a success, even of a mimeographed sheet.

—GLORIA KENDALL.

IS IT THE **WURLITZER**

—is it the "Coke" or is it the good food and the jolly atmosphere, that makes them all like Terrys? We don't quite know but we do like to see our high school patrons whatever the reason for their patronage.

❖ ART MINNIS ❖

TERRY'S

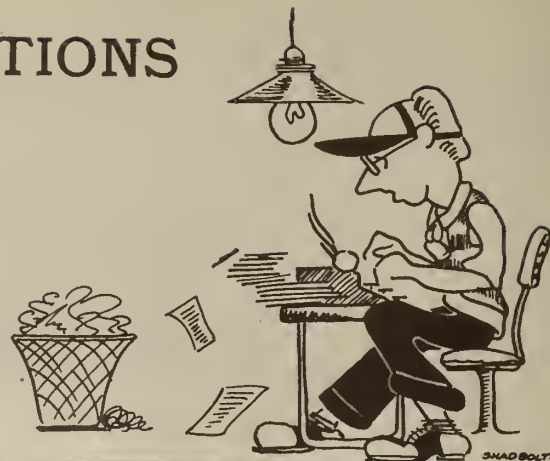


CAMOSUN

BACK ROW (left to right): Jim Crawford, cuts and illustrations; Doug Shadbolt, editor-in-chief; Sydney Jackman, literary editor; Ron Wakefield, business manager.

FRONT ROW (left to right): Mildred Kerr, advertising manager; Thelma Reynolds, class personalities; Mr. N. Harwood and Mrs. H. Hodson, staff advisors; Nan Wilson, matric pictures; Peggy Pepper, matric writings.

PUBLICATIONS



CAMOSUNET

BACK ROW (left to right): John Bosdet, Gordie Chambers, Dick Brawn, Dorothy Parfitt, Maude Almond, Nora Clarke, Diana Hartshorne,

MIDDLE ROW: Jack Wallis, Marjorie Anstey, Lydia Martin, Helen Macdonald, Frances Butteris, Barbara Campbell, Kay Burns, Beverley Clarke, Lois Young, Patty Payte, Marian Kennedy.

FRONT ROW: Joan King, Phyllis Wakefield, Alf Duplain (editor), Mrs. H. Hodson (staff advisor), Gloria Kendall, Bob Zellinsky.



AIR CADETS

This year a new division of the school's cadet corps has arisen, namely the Air Cadets. Organized throughout Canada, the Cadets' training is supervised by the Royal Canadian Air Force and the administration is handled by spirited air-minded citizens. The object of the Air Cadet movement is to teach the rudiments of squad, flight, and squadron drill, and, by so doing, eliminate the first one or two months of actual training required after enlistment in the R.C.A.F. and so speed up the training of personnel for that organization. Other training in theory of flight, maths of aviation, aircraft structures, signalling, first aid and aircraft recognition is carried out in evening classes. The instructors from the high school staff who are helping in this work appear in the list below:

Mr. G. Brand, maths of aviation.

Mr. J. S. White, aircraft structures.

Mr. L. J. Clarke, first aid.

From the Junior High School:

Mr. Grant Paterson, aircraft recognition.

From the Western Air Command:

Group Captain Tricartin, theory of flight.

The cadets, although a new organization, are now proceeding in full swing, and we would like to take this opportunity to express the gratitude of this body for the very helpful and very valuable training we have received. Special thanks go to Mr. P. C. Routley, C. O. for the Greater Victoria Unit, and to Flt. Lt. Symonds, liaison officer for Cadets with the Western Air Command for their untiring efforts in making these first Cadet squadrons a reality.

—DOUG SHADBOLT.

ARMY CADETS

As in 1914-18 military training is now part of the curriculum, training being now more important than ever, the cadets of to-day, the officers of to-morrow. The specialized courses of Signalling and First Aid have made splendid progress as the records will show. The Signalers are to be commended on their excellent advance in Semaphore and Morse. The First Aiders, specially trained by Mr. L. Clarke, are now available for the A.R.P. The Rifle instruction, under Mr. Gilliland, has produced some excellent shots, and also the instruction in the proper care and handling of rifles has proved beneficial.

The year's officers are as follows: Lieut.-Col. D. Crockett; Second-in-Command, Major A. Carter; Captain and Adjutant, D. Shaw; Captain and Quartermaster, J. Wallis; Regimental Sergeant-major, B. Petersen.

"A" Company: Major, W. George; Captain, T. Chambers; Lieutenants, J. Crawford, B. Collier, J. Kirchner; Sergeant-major, M. St. Jorre; Quartermaster-Sergeant, S. Jackman.

"B" Company: Major, G. Nobbs; Captain, J. Gill; Lieutenants, E. Hulford, G. Ralston, A. Stone; Sergeant Major, S. Brain.

"C" Company: Major, T. Kershaw; Captain, A. Heaslip; Lieutenants, B. Zellinsky, S. Peden, B. Rourke; Sergeant-Major, H. McLeod; Quartermaster-Sergeant, L. Shandley.

"D" Company: Major, H. Beck; Captain, H. Wood; Lieutenants, J. Penketh, J. Weber, I. Green; Sergeant-Major, G. Dunn; Quartermaster-Sergeant, T. Halbert.

—JOHN BOSDET.



MAJOR AND MAJORETTES



ARMY CADET OFFICERS

Organized by Earl Morrison, popular drum major for the Air Cadet and Kinsmen Boys' Band, the drum majorettes have added a new and colourful phase to this year's activities. Performing at such school functions as rugby and basketball games they have done a great deal to enliven school spirit in the school. Their uniform, designed by themselves, consists of a bright red sweater and white skirt, red socks and saddle shoes. We expect to see them in action at future school events and wish to take this opportunity to congratulate and thank these students for their contribution to a very successful school year.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

For two years the Junior Red Cross organization under the direction of Miss Thomas has provided a means by which students of our school may help their country in the war effort. The membership has increased to include nearly all the student body. Each class elected two representatives to attend the weekly meeting with the executive to plan Red Cross activities.

The executive consisted of Brenda Kent and Ernie Wellwood, presidents; Mildred Kerr, secretary; Lydia Martin, publicity and circulation manager; Gwen Mann, assistant secretary; Babs Millard, treasurer; Marion Kennedy, health; George Bosdet, boys' Hi-Y (paper); Hugh McLeod, salvage; Ida Simon, Girls' Hi-Y.

Also attending the meetings are the Red Cross representatives of the many service clubs. The Red Cross society has salvaged many discarded household articles, such as tooth-paste tubes, silver paper, aluminum and wool for blankets. All of these materials are used in war industry. It was necessary, however, to raise money for the various funds by the collection of paper. Over thirty tons were collected this year.

The Victoria High School branch of the Red Cross was able to donate money to the following funds: Prisoners of war, \$50; Air Raid victims, \$50; Nurseries for children overseas, \$50. This was largely provided by the sale of paper, but the Crippled Children's Fund received the proceeds of the Talent Parade. The Senior Red Cross received \$100 for supplies from our branch.

The service clubs were composed of girls whose work was to make articles or raise money for the Red Cross. The school clubs were as follows:

Knitting.—Five knitting clubs under the direction of the Misses Sargent, Cameron, McKee, Clay and Douglas undertook to knit articles for refugee children and for members of the forces. The executives of the knitting clubs included: Jody Cunningham, Marjorie Parsons, Miriam Goodwin, June Page and Betty Cantell, presidents; Kay Davidson, Thelma Hawkins, Victoria Walker, Ruth Veitch and Maud Wallace, secretaries.

Sewing.—The industrious members of the sewing groups displayed, among other things, sleepers, print dresses, flannelette baby jackets and nightgowns. The presidents of the sewing clubs were: Gertrude Lane, Marilyn Sehl, June Gibson and Lillian Giles; the secretaries were Barbara Beale, Isobel Black, Norma MacLennan and Velma Addie, and they were directed by the Misses Ramsay, Hoskyn, Tervo and Maxwell.

Home Nursing and First Aid.—Some girls used their club time in the useful study of Home Nursing. This involved the study of sickroom care. The Misses Grey, Adams, Goldfinch and Mrs. Straith conducted the clubs whose presidents were: Marion Kennedy, Rosemary Steward, Barbara Johns, Alice Fraboni; secretaries, Phyllis Lea, Marjorie Anstey, Meryl Stebbing and Kay Dixon. Besides the four Home Nursing clubs, a First Aid club was conducted by Miss Horn, having Mary Osborne as president and Doreen Taylor, secretary.

Portia.—Although Portia members were mainly absorbed in public speaking, they did their share towards the War Effort. The proceeds of their concert were donated to the Red Cross, and another concert was held in aid of "Bundles for Britain."

(continued on p. 40)



JUNIOR RED CROSS EXECUTIVE



PORTIA EXECUTIVE



GIRLS' Hi-Y

Junior Red Cross—continued

Toy Making.—There were two toy-making clubs. The one directed by Mr. Earl Clarke had as its president Dorie Nunn, and Eleanor Berry was secretary. The work was to make attractive doorstops, toys and wooden brooches, for sale.

The other club, under the guidance of Miss Prisk, made stuffed oil-cloth toys to brighten children's hospitals. The president of the club was Freda Veitch and Margaret Williams was the secretary.

TANNIS and LYDIA MARTIN.

GIRLS' Hi-Y

Under the able guidance of our staff advisor, Miss Eaton, and a very active executive consisting of Brenda Kent, president; Patty Payte, vice-president; Gloria Millard, secretary, and Ruth Rogers, treasurer, the Girls' Hi-Y club has had a successful year.

As a project for this year the club sponsored the sale of war savings stamps. Early in the term \$120 worth of stamps was bought as admission to an afternoon dance.

An outstanding event of this year was the annual Hi-Y Conference held in Vancouver over the week end of February 20. Nine representatives from the club attended this conference, which proved of great value to the girls.

Perhaps the most notable activity this year has been the Bible study course which the club has taken each week. We are extremely grateful for the invaluable aid rendered to us by Mr. H. L. Smith in teaching this course, and we wish to extend to him our sincere thanks and appreciation.

—NORINE MOORE.

PORTIA

The Portia Society, under the able guidance of Miss Roberts and Miss Hamilton, has had a very successful year. Approximately one hundred members attended the Wednesday afternoon meetings.

The executive for the first term included: President, Mildred Edmonds; vice-president, Peggy Pepper; secretary, Joyce Bishop; grade representatives, Evelyn Alexandor, Lois Young, Nora Clarke and Bunty Wright.

During the second term: President, Evelyn Alexandor; vice-president, Margaret Low; secretary-treasurer, Shirley Noel; grade representatives, Hilda Kyle, Phyllis Wakefield, Joy Groves and Doreen Campbell.

The Drama chairman, Joyce Bayliss and the Red Cross representative, Tannis Martin, continued their respective duties throughout the year.

The club was fortunate this year in having several guest speakers, namely: Dr. R. Grant, Miss L. Mess, Miss Herbert, Miss Sheila Graves, and Mr. V. Mott.

Panel discussions, debates, open discussions, impromptu and speeches contributed by the members added to the enjoyment of the meetings.

This year Portia collected three hundred and fifty-six bundles at a "Bundles for Britain" concert featuring the Garrison band conducted by Bandmaster Bower, with Sergeant William Inglis soloist.

\$27.75 was donated to the Red Cross made from the Portia concert, and \$5.00 contributed to the Red Cross from sale of candy by Portia members.

Portia wishes to take this opportunity of sincerely thanking Miss Hamilton and Miss Roberts for their untiring co-operation during the year, and those members who in any way helped to make this year a success.

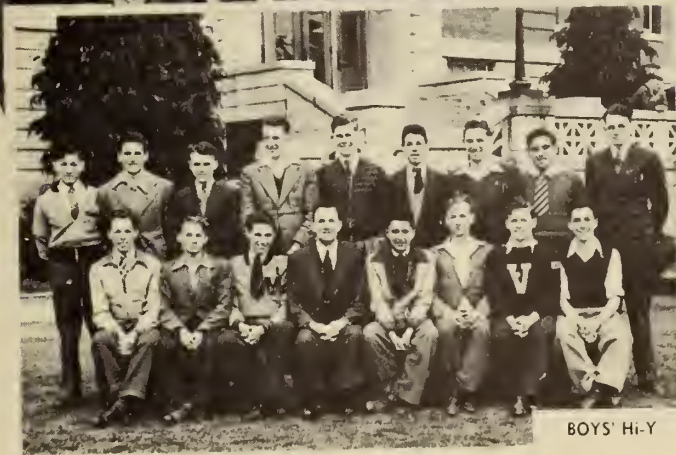
—SHIRLEY NOEL.



CLASS PRESIDENTS



MacMILLAN CLUB EXECUTIVE



BOYS' Hi-Y



PREFECTS

Victoria



College

In affiliation with the University of British Columbia

SESSION 1942 - 1943

The College offers courses similar to those at the University of British Columbia in the following:

- (1) The first two years of Arts and Science.
- (2) The first two years of Commerce.
- (3) The first year of Applied Science.
- (4) The first year in Nursing and Health.

By a careful selection of work in the first two years of Arts and Science at the College, students may proceed to the University and complete the work required for graduation in Agriculture in two years.

Courses preparatory to Medicine, Home Economics, etc., are given in so far as the curriculum applies to institutions at which students propose to pursue further work.

The College Session begins on Monday, September 21, 1942.

The office will be open for the registration of students from August 17 to September 18.

For information apply to the Registrar, Victoria College.

BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES

SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT

The Social Committee has had a very active and successful year. It has arranged many dances, which the students have enjoyed thoroughly.

This year the Grade Nine students have been taught dancing under the able supervision of Stan Peden.

The committee's efforts will culminate in the Annual Matric Banquet and Ball which, we hope, will be bigger and better than ever.

I would like to thank Miss Maxwell, our able advisor, the members of my committee, Miriam Alder and Stan Peden, the Students' Council and the students themselves, for their enthusiastic co-operation which made the past year a truly social success.

—EVA BARRIE, Chairman.

CHOIRS

Group I.—Mixed Chorus: This group is comprised of 24 boys and girls. Their talents have been displayed periodically at various places throughout the year, including the Kiwanis Club luncheon, the Intermediate Musical Art Concert and the Jubilee Hospital, where, at Christmas, they sang for the patients. This group plays an important part in the musical activities of the school.

Senior Girls' Chorus (Grades 11 & 12) — There are over 200 girls in this choir. They have a large repertoire of classical and popular pieces. This choir has often sung for the school in Assembly period.

Boys' Glee Club.—About 60 music-loving boys compose this club. Although this group rehearses only twice a week during Assembly period, it has improved

tremendously and has delighted the school with its performance on several occasions.

Junior Girls' Chorus (Grades 9 & 10) — Sixty girls form the Junior Girls' Chorus. They have enjoyed their work this year as much as the school has enjoyed their performances.

Association with these choirs has prompted many pupils to sing solos, duets and trios. George Bosdet and Dick Brawn have pleased the school on several occasions with their renditions of well-known songs. All these choirs played important parts in making the "Talent Parade" the success it was. —DICK BRAWN.

THE BOYS' Hi-Y

Under the leadership of our president, Ernest "Tick" McCoy, vice-president Bob Riddle, and recording secretary Jim Crawford, we have enjoyed a very successful year as a service club. Mr. Harry Dee is our able staff advisor, and Mr. Cameron Corrie is the Y.M.C.A. representative.

Our club had the honour of hearing Mr. Nelson McEwan, secretary of the National Council for the Y.M.C.A., on one occasion. On another, we listened with awe and delight to a talk by Pte. Alex Holder, just returned from England, where he was in the 1st Canadian Division.

The highlight of the year's activity which stands out clearest in the minds of the members of our club was the induction ceremony held at the Metropolitan Church.

The club also took charge of the refreshment stands at most of the dances put on at school, the profits of which went to the Red Cross. —JIM CRAWFORD.

MACMILLAN CLUB, 1941-42

The first attempt to organize a fine arts club in the school was most successful. Under the direction of Miss N. Douglas and Miss E. Cameron, the Macmillan Club has played an active part in the school entertainment of the past months. Each division chose a representative. From these the following executive was elected: President, George Bosdet; vice-president, Joyce Bishop; secretary, Jean Reynolds; treasurer, Eddie Hulford.

Activities of this year: One meeting was devoted to listening to some of Sheila Graves' records. The Garrison Band was secured as feature presentation, and the warm welcome which the musicians received showed the appreciation of the school body. Some members acted as ushers during the Drama Festival. Under the club's auspices, the school's drama entry, "The Boy Abe," was again presented. An autographed picture of Sir Ernest Macmillan was received by the club with his wishes for success in our endeavour. Hoped-for future features: John Charles Thomas, baritone (courtesy of Hilker Attractions) and Madame Gertrude Huntley-Green, pianist.

The task of the Macmillan Club is to stimulate the interest of the student body in the fine arts. Consequently a system of credits was established whereby students, appreciative of the fine arts, could become active members of the club.

We would like to thank Miss Douglas and Miss Cameron for their untiring efforts in organizing the club, and to next year's representative and executive: "Keep up the good work!"

—JOYCE BISHOP.

Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

For centuries the Hudson's Bay Company has always been the family store. Now, we invite you to carry on this excellent example by visiting us often. You can always be sure of top quality merchandise at the most moderate prices, when you shop at "The BAY"



LETTER UNCLAIMED

(First Prize Story)

Dear Jim:

March 29th, 1942.

Although this letter is addressed to you, although its contents concern only you, you shall never read it. If you are declared officially as dead, then I shall always keep it, not only as a memento of the agonizing hours which have followed the arrival of the cable from the War Office yesterday, but also as something tangible to cling to in future years when it will be hard to realize that such a bond existed between us. But if the Fates are kind and you are restored to us, it shall be destroyed. You would understand my reasons in doing either of these things; while others, if they knew, would gently smile and call it "another one of those foolish ideas of that nice Jim Brindley's sister."

But that was the way it always was from the time we were born, nineteen years ago. You were always the splendid important person in the family. You won all the trophies, took the prizes and were friends with everyone old and young alike. But nothing ever affected you to such a degree that you became conceited or cocksure; not even when you who was the youngest student-pilot "topped" the country in your final exams before entering the R.A.F. In a way I like to think I had a part in keeping your feet on the ground. Since we were twins our relationship was much keener, closer than ordinary brothers and sisters. We respected each other's confidence, feeling, I suppose, that we were each a half of a unity and therefore required no other's intervention nor

criticism to enable us to meet our problems. I know that when you told me first about your troubles at school and later, about your girls, or more serious your differences with our parents concerning your education and choice of a career, I felt you found honest solace and occasionally enlightenment in your talks with me.

But now I'm rambling and I must finish this letter before Mummy and Daddy return from church. I told them I didn't want to go. They were shocked and hurt, I feel. They think that I did not wish to pray for your safety but they're wrong; for, ever since you joined up, that prayer has been uppermost in my mind.

I've heard it said that when you are dying your whole life is re-enacted before your eyes. I am dying now because of that curt cable which stated, "Plane of your son, James Brindley, failed to return from operations over St. Nazaire and must be reported as missing in action." I can see dozens of past scenes rushing before my eyes, crowding each other into focus, and every one has a picture of you.

It started, our deep understanding I mean, when we had just turned nine. I was crying on the beach near our summer cottage. You found me there and somehow discovered that the little neighbour girls refused to play with me. You asked me if I should like to help you build your model schooner, which was as sacred to you then as your "wings" are to-day. In your clumsy boyish way you made me forget the taunting remarks. And when we finished the boat you christened her after me. It took first prize in the model exhibition, and my former scorers were more than anxious to be friends.

Five years later Dad gave you the "Rockin' Chair," a real sail-boat. The whole family knew that the first trip aboard his own "ship" was the most important in any boy's sailing career, and you would want to be alone. But no, you took me and Jeff, our new cocker spaniel (he's here beside me as I write). We stayed out all that day and baked in the sun on the "Rockin' Chair's" smooth narrow deck. It was then that you told me how you wanted more than anything in life to go to sea. You said you planned to run away. I remember, my insides turned over and the roll of the boat seemed suddenly to make me physically ill. It was really the effect of your words and the thought that I'd have no confidante nor champion who would encourage my one desire to enter the medical profession. I discouraged you, not only because of my selfish viewpoint, but because I knew that you were made for bigger, more wonderful things. That night when we tacked into our little bay the stars were low in the velvet sky and seemed so much brighter—almost promising—in their brilliancy. I knew that I had been successful in our talk for you whispered, "Thanks a million, Twin," as we crept up to bed.

When we were Seniors in High School you saw to it that I, affectionately known as the "Ugly Duckling" in the family circle, received a new formal which resembled misty foam which appears at the bow of the "Rockin' Chair" as she cleaves the high sea-green waves. You took me, as I had not, as usual, received a bid, and every moment was happiness itself.

That summer you had a girl. She was everything I never dared or hoped to be—a smooth dancer, a good athlete and worst of all, beautiful, with great brown eyes

and soft honey-coloured hair. Yes, I was jealous, but you were too unaware of your own importance to think so. However, when the end of the summer holidays came, the Bowden Cup Sailing Finals were to be held and you asked me—me and not your girl who was so all-important—to sail in the race with you. I was proud, but never more proud than when we won—together.

That night you told me you weren't going through with Dad's plan for you to enter College in the fall with the prospect of becoming a doctor. England had just declared war on Germany, and you wanted to go. I knew that you would fly well and gallantly. Together we faced the family, Jim, I fighting on your side and you on mine (for I wanted to be the doctor, not you). Well, again we won, and underneath they were so proud of you, their only son.

But now I'm home on vacation from Medical School—and you're somewhere—God only knows where. It should be I, not you, out there in that "somewhere," but the best of us are always taken, the duds, the selfish ones are left behind.

Mummy is calling me, and I must cease writing this letter which shall never reach your eyes.

Your—

March 30th, 1942.

TWIN.

P.S.—I must complete this letter by adding that I'm going to burn it and then I'm going to take Jeff and we shall go sailing in the old "Rockin' Chair" and lie on her warm friendly deck, and I shall cry now that everything is all right and you have been found.

—GLORIA KENDALL.

DUNKIRK

(2nd Prize Story)

To-day we were but ten miles from that bomb-battered hole of Dunkirk. My regiment, the Sixteenth Field Regiment Royal Artillery, was part of the rearguard of the battered British Expeditionary Force trying to stem the German advance so as to enable our Tommies to embark for England. The Colonel had received orders from Division Headquarters to stay in position until infantry could be rushed to support us. I was ordered to establish an observation post a mile in advance of our guns.

Upon arriving at my O.P. I found the remnants of a machine gun company, consisting of fifty N.C.O.'s and men, and five Vickers machine guns. The lieutenant in charge eagerly showed me over the ground.

The ridge on which we were standing ran in a north-easterly direction for nearly a quarter of a mile and then sloped into a wood near which was a battery of Bofors anti-aircraft guns. A mile behind us was my regiment with its twenty-five pounders; on my left was the highway running to Dunkirk; across the highway was a barricade; behind this were two anti-tank guns.

Suddenly along the road came three German light tanks followed by a file of Nazi cyclists. These were soon repulsed by the anti-tank guns, but just then over the hills on the horizon came grey-green hordes of Nazi infantrymen. Then the machine gun on our left began to spray death and destruction. The sergeant in charge rushed over and reported to his commander that a squad of German infantry had broken from the woods but had retreated.

Our attention was then focussed on the ack-ack guns, but as artillery are full of contempt for these little "pop" guns I did not think much of them. I was soon to regret this error of judgment. Two Heinkels appeared from under a rift of clouds. The Bofors immediately began barking ferociously at the approaching planes; puffs of white began to appear around the Huns. One slipped into a screaming power dive straight at a Bofors emplacement. On came the Hun, his guns spitting a hail of death. The German never pulled out of that dive for an A.A. shell caught him in the belly and the plane burst into flames. In the meantime the other Boche who had been circling higher suddenly dived, pulling out at a thousand feet and releasing a stick of bombs.

The Bofors gun and crew were hurled high into the air as the marauder passed overhead. I was filled with admiration for the crews of these little guns who had stuck coolly and calmly to their guns.

The German infantry suddenly reappeared a short thirty-six hundred yards away. The machine guns started their death chant and those grey-green figures began to fall limply to earth, but on they came. Through my wireless I gave the range to our guns. From overhead came a shrill whine, then shells began to burst among the advancing barbarians.

The lieutenant said quietly to me that if the infantry didn't arrive soon there was no hope of stopping them.

Along the road came a battery of French 75's hurrying towards the rear. We cursed them heartily. The Bofors battery had already pulled out and so had the anti-tank unit, but they weren't of much use to us.

Reinforcements arrived in the form of thirty R.A.S.C.

drivers armed with rifles. This was a helpful addition to our little force.

The Germans began to advance, our Vickers started to chatter. Again our guns laid down a barrage, but the Germans advanced with the persistence of machines rather than men. We finally stemmed that tide fifteen hundred yards from the ridge.

Again we settled down to wait for the inevitable advance of the foe. We heard the sentries challenge and a battalion of "Terriers" began to swell our defences. The commander told us my regiment was to withdraw to Dunkirk.

When I arrived at our encampment the guns were hitched to their tractors. Within an hour we got under way, travelling slowly along shell-pitted roads crowded with allied soldiery who were continually being dive-bombed and machine-gunned. One village we had to pass through was being subjected to a heavy bombardment. We made a quick dash through that inferno, but not without loss. The bombardier riding in front of me suddenly toppled over with a shell splinter in his brain.

We continued on without mishap to within three miles of Dunkirk. There we were ordered to destroy our equipment. We marched the remainder of the way, continually getting off the road as German planes roared overhead. In the distance we heard the explosions of bombs, the persistent crackle of machine-gun fire and the whine of shells which the British Navy was pumping into the advancing Nazi legions.

My first reaction on entering that town was of horror. The streets were slippery with blood, corpses and wounded lying everywhere, while R.A.M.C. personnel rushed to and fro at their grim tasks. At every corner barri-

ades had been erected, behind which armed men sat. Meanwhile the brutal Nazis rained down bombs on the helpless occupants.

We hurried down to the beach. What a sight met our eyes! It looked like the Thames during a regatta. Every type of boat was represented in that motley crowd. Outside of this rabble lay the sleek grey destroyers and huge battlewagons of the Royal Navy pouring flaming broadsides into the advancing Germans. My regiment proceeded out onto the mole which was covered with eager men hurrying into the boats assigned to them.

We were soon on our way to good old England, glad to be alive; most of us will never forget our experiences, and all still long for another crack at Jerry.

—DONALD ROBERTSON.

THE PARTING

(First Prize Poem)

I've spent so many hours with you,
And planned so many things to do,
While bending over you, it seems
You're part and parcel of my dreams.

I've stood by you down through the years
Sometimes with smiles, sometimes with tears,
And countless are the little prayers
I've breathed upon you unawares.

But you have changed, and oh how much!
You shiver at my slightest touch,
And walk away from me indeed,
When pressing is my want or need.

Old ironing board, your day is done,
I'll have to buy another one.

—BETTY KEATLEY.

DAY - DREAMING

(First Prize Essay)

Day-dreaming in school has a bad effect on a pupil's scholastic progress. No pupil can keep himself alert to what the teacher is saying if his mind is wandering through Elysian fields "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." His senses are dulled by pleasant thoughts through which the teacher's voice comes to him as a dull monotonous drone with indistinguishable words and phrases dashing themselves vainly against the high wall surrounding the land into which his wandering thoughts have led him. Although the student may have been listening attentively for the first part of the lesson, the moment he lapses into a day-dream the string of the lesson is snapped, and even if he manages to wake up before the lesson ends, the essential points which the teacher wished him to gain from the lesson are lost. If the pupil is an habitual day-dreamer, he will soon be left far behind the other students in his subjects, for his inability to keep his mind focussed on one definite point for any length of time will cause him to miss essential ideas time after time which other more attentive students will grasp and use to their advantage. Because of day-dreams concentration is lost. For the loss of concentration the ideas of the lesson are lost. For the loss of a lesson the examination is failed, and the student who failed it may then trace the cause of his disappointment and the dashing of his hopes for promotion to one malignant habit, that is, day-dreaming!

—ALAN CHALMERS.

PEACE DISTURBED

(2nd Prize Essay)

Sitting on a garden bench was a fat little brown squirrel nibbling at a nut it had just found. At first he did not see me approaching as an arch of honeysuckle sheltered him from passers-by. But as I stepped on a twig he looked up and scampered away into the bushes. When I walked around to the other side of the bench the scene in front of me was breath-taking. There was a pool covered with water lillies just blooming, some with their graceful petals daintily hanging over the green leaves into the smooth sunlit water. Around the pond was a rock garden with brightly coloured flowers bending their heads down as if the water was a mirror reflecting their gorgeous faces. Here and there were little rocky steps bordered with flowers leading down into the pond. Behind me were poplar trees which cast weird shadows over the water, and rustled in the still air. I turned around slowly and there again was the squirrel sitting on a well, the most fascinating old well that I had ever seen. It was made of stones with a little roof over the top, and a wooden bucket tied on a pulley. I went over to the well and again the squirrel scampered into the bush. As I came closer I noticed a rock with some writing on it. At first I could not make it out as there was moss creeping over the top. I picked it off carefully and read the inscription, "Whoever Wishes in this Wishing Well is Granted His Wish." When I read that, at first I thought it was only in fairy tales that this happened, but as I stood there in front of this ancient well I knew that this was no ordinary well. So I leaned as

far over the edge as I could and I whispered in a soft voice, "Oh Wishing Well, hear the Wish I have to tell. I wish that this lovely, peaceful spot may never change." As I spoke this wish a strange sad voice echoed back from the depths of the well. I stood up to view the garden knowing that I may never see it again, for the war may come to this secluded spot and we will all be evacuated from this heavenly sight into some dark country or forest away from the rages of Hell. We shouted over and over again, "They cannot bomb this lovely country of ours, this peaceful country." But they did. They bombed Coventry, hospitals, churches, hotels and Buckingham Palace. Bue they can never find this garden, the trees will protect it; they are so large no aeroplane will ever see it, no parachutist will mock and haunt this garden, this well.

* * *

As I stand here now eight years later, it is a pitiful sight. There are no squirrels running around eating their nuts, the honeysuckle arch is no longer over the broken garden bench. The pond, those multi-coloured flowers, the steps, the yellow and pink water lillies, they too have gone. Where? The pond either evaporated into the cloudy sky or was absorbed into the freshly bombed earth and ran in all directions. Those tall poplar trees and the evergreen bushes are lying scattered over the upturned earth, not tall and majestic but dead and broken. Maybe they were tired of looking at the world and lay down to rest. No, that is not the reason. The well, where is the well? I walked over to where it should have been and all that remained were some scattered rocks, broken boards which might have been the

roof. Even the faithful bucket was gone. Is this what the echo meant when I wished in the well? Maybe it was. Could it have looked into the future? Is this what it was trying to tell me? I said they could not do it, but they did. They bombed it, they left it a demolished, unforgettable sight. In time Mother Nature will heal the scars and cover this once delightful spot with fresh growing beauty.

—BETTY KEATLEY.

DER TAG

Herman Klein glanced at his altimeter, checked his distance on the map, then contacted the Berlin air-base by radio.

"Herman Klein in Number F 94-07X calling Berlin."

"Ja, Klein," came back the operator's guttural high-Aryan over the ether. "Go ahead."

"We are now over Rotterdam. It is 7.23. Shall we bail out?"

"Let your parachute jumpers out individually. Call back when you have released all bombs successfully. Remember, Hitler is with you as you fly. That is all."

Klein started descending. He motioned to the three figures in the plane's cabin . . . a priest, a nurse, and a Boy Scout Leader.

Karl von Vanderburt, the Boy Scout Leader, flexed his knees a bit when the priest walked out of the cabin. After the nurse was out of the ship he rubbed the dripping sweat off his hands on the edges of his trousers.

Karl looked out on the blue sky and went through the door of the cabin. . . . He saluted Klein, then felt hard hands bind his throat and chest as he fell through the clear morning air. Rotterdam! Where I must seek information . . . where I must kill, or be killed.

Feeling for the rip cord of his parachute, Karl had a moment of uneasiness, then the folds of silk flipped open, billowed, fluttered in the air . . . filling, filling . . . till they held him suspended momentarily . . . catching him up . . . breaking his fall before he gradually began his slow descent on the enemy territory.

Only fifteen years ago he had lived here . . . he was

a boy of seven . . . playing in blue Dutch boy trousers, eating the food of his "adopted" parents. Fifteen years ago Karl was a guest in Rotterdam like thousands of other German children . . . by the kindly arrangement of Queen Wilhelmina these children, the guests of the Netherlands, were taken over by Holland so that they might receive the proper food and home care in order to grow up strong men and women. Fifteen years ago, Karl had been a guest here in this country he was now invading, a well-fed Dutch kindern so that he would not suffer the horrible post-war days of Germany of 1918.

I remember Mutterchen's white starched cap. He was thinking. I remember how she always gave me my glass of milk at night.

He heard her voice: "You'll be a big boy when you go back to Germany and you'll grow up sturdy and strong . . . like our fine healthy little Dutch kindern."

Karl was scraping along the field now . . . the parachute folding and bouncing. He swore under his breath as his bare knees were scratched and abraded in the operations of landing. I wish I hadn't landed so near buildings . . . he thought as he cut his 'chute strings. Straightening, he made a brief motion of setting his Boy Scout's uniform in tidiness again.

Rotterdam! I used to plan the day I'd come back to see old friends. But now they are my enemies.

A figure was approaching across the open field . . . Karl could tell by the dun-coloured breeches he wore that the man was a labourer.

"I am lost," he told the man, "help me to get to Rotterdam."

The labourer guided him towards the house where,

before they reached the door, a voice which chilled Karl's blood halted them.

"He is a spy."

"No . . . only a Boy Scout. I have lost my way."

"In a parachute you descended on my land." The woman's voice was firm. "You are a German."

Must he admit it when his heart said, "No, Mutterchen . . . I am Dutch . . . I am your seven year old Karl-o. Remember me?" His heart heaved convulsively with the unspoken words as he tried to preserve a calm face.

"Ja," he was feeling for his pistol now. The woman, her full figure braced against the door-sill, did not lower her own shotgun an inch but continued to look at him over the barrel of the weapon.

"You will not come in my house" The gun Mutterchen held blazed fire at the same moment as his own pistol. She fell against the wall . . . one hand reaching out for strength.

Karl caught his hands to his breast . . . then he went towards her, passing his pistol calmly to the stunned labourer.

"Mutterchen," he cried, as he cradled her in his arms . . . her blood dyeing his uniform tunic a dark warm red.

Her soft face had tragic anguish on it, her blue eyes looked away the fifteen years now passed.

"Karl-o?" His blond curls shone before her eyes, his little boy Dresden-blue eyes looked innocently out at her for help. "Karl-o . . . you must be strong. You must grow wise to help your country. Your Germany needs healthy men and women . . . Karl-o . . . little Karl-o."

"Mutterchen," he wept on beholding her life's force gushing from her side. "Don't die . . . Mutterchen."

"I love my son Karl-o." Her numbed fingers touched his curls, his pink and white child's cheek.

"Your tolerance is my salvation," were his last words.

Der tag! The Boy Scout held his adopted mother in his arms in Death . . . the labourer silently and uncomprehendingly looked on.

—GERALD GOULD.

ODE TO A GOSSIP

(2nd Prize Poem)

Too oft, a passing unmeant word,
Caught by an idle tongue,
Is told to a third, a fifth, a twelfth,
Long ere the set of sun.

From lip to ear, from ear to lip,
This tale that breaks the heart
Of one, who does his best to live
Daily to do his part.

The tale grows worse with each repeat,
It cuts the soul of one,
But many share the shame and guilt,
And know not what they've done.

So guard your tongue, and only say
Just what is good and true,
Remember you're not quite a saint
There are lots of faults in you.

—THELMA REYNOLDS.

SATURDAY NIGHT ON THE FARM

(A Word Picture of Bath night in any large Farm Family
about forty years ago)

Do you recall what Saturday night usually signifies? You guessed it! Bath Night. This wasn't such an event in a city home with a small family, but in a country home full of nine young children, it was a trying and much dreaded ordeal.

About the middle of the afternoon, mother, with the grumbling help of father, raised the largest clothes boiler from its resting-place in the wash cupboard to the top of the old, rather dilapidated but very dependable kitchen stove. She went to the door and proceeded to summon the older members of the younger generation from all points such as on the land, over the ponds and in the trees. The point in doing this was to procure enough water from the well to scrub and rinse a certain amount of dirt off the family's long-suffering outside surfaces. After a great deal of grunting and back-breaking drudgery the jailor was eventually satisfied and the family sank gratefully down to supper, venting their wrath on their food.

After this meal there was no time to read or play around because mother usually found that she could do with a little more water. This operation took only a short while. With its conclusion the eldest daughter was told to lay out the towels, fetch a large bar of soap, and summon the younger children in from looking over the new litter of piglets. While she did this the eldest son was torn away from his other sister's pigtails, which were both long and handy.

"Now, you leave her alone!" warned mother. "She's

busy. You boys, why are you always such a trouble? A body would think you delighted in annoying your mother. It'll be your duty to help Josie keep Billy and Joe out of mischief to-night."

These statements were punctuated by "Yes, Ma's," recurring frequently throughout the tirade.

Finally everything and everyone was ready and the first victim was prodded into the death chamber. No time was wasted and with a splash the evening's work was commenced. Very frequent yelps of distress and discomfort were heard to issue from the room which to them resembled a watery grave. This did not help to build the morale of the waiting mourners.

Eventually one small innocent emerged clean, shining, red from being scrubbed, clad in flannel night-attire and was delivered into the hands of mother's helper. Usually the first one finished waited for his or her bed-mate and then retired.

The waiting bathline slowly dwindled down until only the elders were left. These personages took a more leisurely tubbing, being quite exhausted after their exertions, and enjoying what they could of the relaxing warm water until someone else proclaimed his or her wish to come in.

At last only mother was left. As she passed through the kitchen doorway her eyes lit upon a coloured placard tacked above the wash cupboard. "God bless our happy family," was its inscription. Mother smiled a little as she gazed at it, and murmured, "Yes, bless them and keep them happy, everyone."

A few minutes later the entire house and all the surrounding countryside was still. Mother had gone to rest.

—HELEN MACKENZIE.

MY FIRST SHAVE

"To-day I am a man," I said to myself as I surveyed my loveable countenance. I was to be initiated into the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to those who shave with Safety Razors." At last the day had come when, after having saved the peach-fur on my upper lip from the ravages of the barber's clipper, I was to shave myself for the first time.

All the necessary apparatus was arrayed before me. Having completed the final check-up, I found myself ready for the first operation—lathering. As you all know, this consists of wetting the face, rubbing soap into the skin, and swishing briskly with the brush over the spots where the soap has been placed. I did this without much ado, except that after having done so, I saw that the mirror and wall had more soap on them than my face had.

Now, I found myself ready for the actual shaving. As I prepared myself for this, the second and most important operation, I began cheerfully to whistle "Ah! sweet mystery of life" to swing-time. At last! After my prolonged waitings I was ready to experience the joys of shaving myself for the first time. Just as I was to take the first vital stroke, I beheld something that looked to my joy, a home grown bristle protruding through the lather, but which upon closer inspection revealed itself as a lost hair (horse) from the shaving brush. Having settled this to my own satisfaction, I grasped the razor firmly in my right hand, and took with the utmost precision and finesse a long sweeping stroke

from my hairline at the ear past my cheek and on down to the vicinity of my chin.

"Why, a blind man could darn near see the difference," I told myself. With this, I finished the shaving part of it. There yet remained to wash the soap from such places as my hands, my neck, my ears, my nose, my forehead, the mirror and the wall. After doing this, I took out a tin of my mother's best talcum powder and proceeded to sprinkle my face, which was now hacked clean of any hirsute growth which the man-of-the-world has to put up with every day.

The lovely countenance of my new manhood stared back at me from the mirror—pink, glowing, and—hairless. The transformation was remarkable. . . .

I was already beginning to clean up when my father came in. He looked about the room inquiringly while I waited with extreme tenseness. Would he notice?

He said, "What in the name of goodness" (it might have been something else, I can't remember) "have you been doing with that costly shaving stuff of mine?"

"Don't tell me you can't see the difference," I said, with a feeble grin. "Shaving, of course."

"Difference? No, I can't say that I do," he answered, "except that maybe your face is a bit cleaner." Then, as he picked up the razor, "Say, the next time you shave, try using a blade in the razor."

—ERNIE WELLWOOD.

EXPENSIVE SECURITY

Crime prepares its own punishment. A man by the name of Ali Ben Hassam had a great misfortune in a well-known town of Arabia. He was an unscrupulous dealer in diamonds and other precious stones. Nobody knew exactly how or where Ali got all his precious stones and diamonds.

It was in the afternoon, when the sun was shining through the door of Ali's shop. You could see a sparkle here, a sparkle there, and every direction the sun's rays hit. Ali was sitting by the doorstep of his shop in a deep meditation when a sudden shadow fell across him which aroused his curiosity.

In front of Ali stood a very charming young lady. She was tall, slender, and her clothes were of excellent type. She was of good breeding too. She had blond hair, nice blue eyes and a nice white complexion. She motioned behind her and a native girl came in too, carrying a small figure in expensive baby clothes. Ali was pleased with all this, for he could see she was married to some rich man, and Ali himself, save his lying tongue, could sell a camel or an Arabian mare and convince the buyer that it was its own son.

"Something for madame?" asks Ali.

"Why, yes," she replies, "I was told by someone at the hotel that you have the finest stock in all Arabia."

"I always try to please my buyers," says Ali.

"What kind of rubies have you, please?" she asks.

Ali goes around to his counter, kneels down, and picks up a tray of different rubies. She looks at them. Ali's eyes watch anxiously as the woman glances at them

again. Happiness spreads throughout his frame. She did not like such trash.

"A thousand apologies, madame," says Ali, "I am a very stupid person. I have forgotten you wish a present for your husband. Something very, very beautiful? Something that is an insult for which to offer money." His sly face spread into a smile, "But one must keep body and soul together." He bobbed to the bottom of his safe hastily. He must be very careful with this woman. His sharp eyes had not failed to notice the impatience in her eyes. "Twin stars of India," he says, unwrapping the black cloth before the woman's eyes.

"Why . . . they're . . . they're the most beautiful gems I have ever seen," she says.

"Twin rubies," Ali exults, "and both may go to madame for fifty thousand pounds."

"Fifty thousand pounds!" There was a note of dismay in the woman's voice. Ali felt a tug at his heart. Could she not pay it? True, he was making a handsome profit, but the gems were worth it. Even now the police of the world were wondering how they had been taken from the Maharajah's strong box. Only Ali knew.

"They are truly worth a king's ransom," says the woman.

"Or a rajah's," Ali responds.

"If I could only show them to my husband at the hotel," says she, "before he leaves on his yacht." She gave her name to Ali. "My husband has been called to Turkey on business," she says. "I still have time to catch him."

Ali's heart pounded. She was sold, he knew, but to let the gems leave the shop? As if she read his thoughts

the woman says: "I could be back in a very short time; you see, he likes me to deal with reputable firms." She smiled at Ali, "Oh! I mean no offense, I learned that only you have the famous gems, that is why I am here."

For a moment, his eyes half closed, Ali wavered between doubt and a handsome profit. Then his eyes rested upon the servant girl. Still cradling the bundle, he says: "If madame wishes to speak to her husband, I will wait her pleasure. In the meantime the servant and your child shall wait with me. They will be very comfortable."

"Oh, would you? I wanted to suggest such a thing but I—— I—— was a little hesitant."

"Have no fear, my good lady," says he, "I shall watch over the child as its mother must."

He ushered the woman to the door. The gems were clenched tightly in her hands as she summoned a native vehicle and directed the driver to the hotel.

In the custom of the shopkeepers, Ali seated himself on the doorstep after telling the native girl to take a seat on the chair beside her. Sitting in the sun, he could compute his profits and also he could keep his promise and watch the security.

He closed his eyes and savoured deliciously of his profit. The figures lulled him to sleep. With a start Ali opened his eyes. The sun had shifted. Anxiously he looked into the shop to see still the native girl dozing and holding the child.

He looked across the street as a shopkeeper calls out, "Were you going to sleep the day away, Ali? Is business so poor you must sleep for three hours?"

Three hours! Ali looked at the sun again and a cold fear clutched his heart. The woman could have come and gone many times. Yet she had not returned once. He scrambled to his feet and ran into his shop.

The girl's startled eyes looked into his. "Wake up, you sleeping beauty," Ali chided in Arabic, "and take me to your mistress as she most likely forgot the way." When he looked into the girl's eyes again a chill ran up his spine.

"I do not know the woman," the girl said fearfully. "On the street, she paid me well to accompany her, to say nothing and carry this as though it were a child."

She pulls the covering off. Ali fell to the floor in a faint as he saw what the trembling girl was holding was a doll.

—KNUT MOESKAU.

THE HAS BEEN

"8 to 1" were the odds on the board for "Lady Rhymer." A small man with hunched shoulders and ham-like hands stood gazing thoughtfully up at it. It would be a much safer bet to take the favourite "Dolly B," but then, if the Lady won, he would be that far ahead. At last with a determined turn he went to the pari-mutuel window and gave the man his last two dollars.

"Put it on "Lady Rhymer," he said—"to win," he added definitely, and went to watch the horses come out on the track.

There she was! Those trim pasterns, that thoroughbred head with large wistful eyes, never covered by a hood, could never belong to any other horse but "Lady Rhymer."

"They're at the Post!" came a voice. The man's heart jumped to his throat, and he could feel himself bunching his muscles as though he was really going to race again. How long had it been—two, no three months since his last race.

They were at the Post then, too. The gates had gone up. A shrill neigh! He could still feel the Lady's form on top of him, crushing the air out of his lungs, trampling him into the dust. Then it was over. A white ambulance came out; orderlies put him on a stretcher, and for weeks he had lain in bed between life and death. It was then they told him—why hadn't they told him before?—He didn't want to live now. What good was life if he couldn't race again?

"They're off!" came the voice again. The man

gripped the fence till the wood seemed to feel like reins. He could once more feel the pounding of the Lady's hooves as they thundered down the track. He could feel his lungs bursting, his breath coming in short gasps. They came around the club-house turn. He looked up. Yes, the Lady was fourth coming up the stretch as she always did. He knew she would win. She had to win for him!

"They're coming into the stretch, 'Dolly B,' 'Lafayette,' 'Lady Rhymer' and 'Caroline,' the rest trailing!" came the voice.

This was the part he liked best. The pounding in his chest swelled till it seemed he would burst. His hands held the reins again. Slowly with whip and voice he brought her up. Yes, second now, then neck and neck with "Dolly B," passing her. The crowd went wild. This was what they wanted in a race, no matter what happened to the horse.

"'Lady Rhymer' first, 'Dolly B' second, and 'Lafayette' third," came the announcer's voice.

The man turned from the fence. Strange he felt older now. It took a lot out of a guy to see his horse win, another jockey in the saddle. Good old Lady, she wouldn't let a fellow down, she hadn't let him down.

He went to the wicket and collected his sixteen bucks. No one noticed him; no one noticed, Joe Reads, best jockey on the race tracks, a month or two ago!

—MARGARET HODSON.

TOMMY TUCKERS



No. 1 next to Spencer Parking

No. 2 - next to Capitol Theatre



Swell **FOOD**
FUN.

WATCH AND JEWELLERY REPAIRING

F. W. FRANCIS

JEWELLER

1210 Douglas Street Phone G-7611 Victoria, B. C.

STUDENTS—DINE AND DANCE AT

— JOHNNY'S —

Fort at Quadra

Open till 1 a.m.

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE
PANTORIUM DYE WORKS OF CANADA
LIMITED

905 Fort Street Phone E-7155 Victoria, B. C.

DICK'S DRESS SHOPPE

COATS - DRESSES
SUMMER SPORT TOGS

1324 Douglas Street Phone E-7552



INVEST in YOU in '42

To invest in YOURSELF and your own future is surely the best and safest of ALL investments. Right now we cannot supply the demand for TRAINED Office Help, and all indications point to still greater demand. In the Services, in Government, in Business, Sprott - Shaw Trainees are forging ahead.

SPROTT-SHAW

School of Modern Business

G-8121 - G-8122

COMPLIMENTS OF
ISLAND FARMS, LTD.

DAIRY PRODUCTS

608 Broughton Street

Victoria, B. C.

CLARK'S DRUG STORES

1923 Fernwood Road Cook at Pandora
FERNWOOD PHARMACY CLARK'S PHARMACY

"THE HIGH SCHOOL DRUG STORES"

B.M. Clarke LIMITED

711 Yates Street Phone E-0611 Victoria, B. C.
SPECIALISTS IN HOSIERY AND LINGERIE

WE SUPPLY YOUR FLORAL NEEDS FOR

Graduation Baskets, Presentation Bouquets, Bon Voyage Gifts, Wedding Bouquets, Corsages for Dances, Flowers for Sympathy, Hospital Boxes

BALLANTYNE BROS. LTD.

1211 Douglas Street

Phone G-2421

COMPLIMENTS OF

New Method

LAUNDERERS, DRY CLEANERS and DYERS

"Victoria's Fine Laundry"

Call G-8166

947 North Park Street

Class Personals...

61

DIVISION 7

Reporter—Beverly Clark

Div. 7 is a super class, and although lacking in red heads, it is simply chuck full of charming blonds and brunettes. Our only weakness is the lack of man power. **Charlie, Bob and Sidney** have to spread their charm very thin between 25 girls. **Lois Young** can flash one of those dimples and get away with any "presidential" speech. There's one in every class, and in ours it's **Norine Moore**, secretary, paper looker after and prize student. We all wonder how **Pat Hanbury, Barbara Beale and Frances Conibear** can produce such intelligence and beautiful hair from the same head. **Flora Hartshorne** is one of those people to whom a tan "just happens." Representing the sport and literary fields are **Joan King, Milly Masters, Nora Dryburgh, Rosemary Steward, Doreen Cleator and Alma Hourston.**

DIVISION 8

Reporter—Jim Crawford

No kiddin'! ours is quite a class—we've got everything, brains, beauties, sportsmen and what-have-you. Amongst these are **Gertrude Lee**—our brains, to her anything under 98% is a failure. **Stan Peden, Jack Mar, Phil Narod, Keith Taylor and Jack Wallis** are our sports men. **June Ross** is our beauty together with **Gloria Millard** and others. More of our brains are concentrated in "**Zeke**" **Chalmers, "Mike" McCahill** and definitely in **Lydia Martin.** **Peden** is our President, "**Annie**" **Casilio** is our Macmillan Club Representative and **Mr. Hughes** is our registration teacher. A better class you never saw. Some Class!!!

DIVISION 9

Reporter—Phyllis Wakefield

Now cast yo' eyes upon the door of this famous class in room four,
Now use yo' hanky, and blow yo' nose, for we're the class that always knows,
Now take the cotton out of yo' ear, and listen to us for another year.
Now **Pearl Philip** is the first we'll mention, she is the President of our Division;
Next, **Joy Sprinkling** is very sweet as she sits in her front seat.
We have some talented students also, such as **Torie** who sings alto.
Donald Bellamy swings a bow, **Bob Kroeger** is a whiz at the piano.
Frances Butteris and **Jack McDonald** are both whirlwinds at basketball,
Now close yo' eyes, let yo' nose run, for this year we have had lots of fun,
Put the cotton back in yo' ear, and leave it there for another year,
When we will be back to tell you again what we have lost and what we have gained.

DIVISION 10

Reporter—Gloria Kendall

We have sailed aboard the good ship Div. 10 skippered by **Dr. Grant.** **Pam Morley** served as First Mate, read reports and charted all our school activities. She was assisted by **Pat Jordan** who kept the "log" of Div. 10. Mutiny aboard ship was daily threatened by **Desmond Richards** and **Ronald Grant.** **Winsome Smith** and

Jack Hudson gave pep talks to the negligent crew about the values of insurance in the Red Cross. **Ursula Pottin-ger**, our actress, has offered her red pinafore (property of "Boy Abe") to be used as a warning signal to all ships that we have **Reg Reid** and **Charles Pearse** of the R.C.A.C. aboard. **Michael King**, **Marilyn Sehl** and **Henry Lee** keep a sharp lookout on the "Mental Horizon." Four bells just rang and the crew is ready to turn in, hoping to wake up in the promised land of Matriculation in 1943.

DIVISION 11

Reporter—**Alf Duplain**

Mr. Stewart ramrods our crew of home-work dodgers and study-avoiders. This is no easy task, however, when you consider the kind of strays he has to ride herd on. **Kay Burns**, popular, moody class-secretary is well known for her hoofing (and her gift of gab). Never-on-time **Ed Rowley** represents the Macmillan Club, and **Peter Castron** is Red Cross Representative. Buxom, Bowery-dancer **Reg Fleming** is paper-prompter and class philosopher. **John Bosdet** should make a fiery politician (reason: argumentative type). **Betty Howell** is our quiet, cosy little cuty, while **Betty Ralfs** is our dainty, demure little lady. **Don Elder** is class-seer (in other words, he forsees detentions). **Bob Mabon** and **Fred Peterson** are homework hounds (meaning, they have a conscience), and **Joe Richards** is our scientist and coming aviator.

DIVISION 12

Reporter—**Gordon Copp**

We are a technical class registering with **Mr. Webber** up in the rafters of the school. **Mr. Webber** has somewhat reformed us but in spite of everything we are still known as the black sheep of old Vic High. In the President's chair we have **Jack Butcher**, who, if not drawing,

is talking. **Bob Stevenson** holds the secretary's position and has done a fine job. He is quite the athlete, too. **Tom Roberts** recently resigned as Red Cross representative and was succeeded by **Ken Smith**. We have collected quite a fair sum of paper this year and are still trying to break records. Our Macmillan Club representative is none other than that great violinist **Robin Thomas**. I'm afraid I've gone my limit now, so until next year this is Div. 12 signing off.

DIVISION 13

Reporter—**Jack Mason**

We are a Technical Div. registering with **Mr. Wallis**. **Ken Earl**, our first President, left school and **Jack Mason** was elected to fill his place. **Harry Osselson** is our secretary and **Alex Beattie** and **Raymond Foster** represent us in the Red Cross. Since we are a Technical Division about 15 boys have left us to work at the shipyards. Amongst these boys are **Don Sprinkling**, **Theodore Saunders**, who by the way is building himself a speed boat, and **Mowbray Potts**, our red-headed flash from the Prairies. We may not be a famous class but we have a number of outstanding characters. We are represented in sports by **Bill Thorburn**, **Sam Clark**, **Elmer Ngai** and **Jack Mason**. **Don Bath** and **Ken Earl** are outstanding boxers. **Don** won the dustweight title of Canada last year and **Ken** won the schoolboy championship. Remember **Ken Harwood**, the cowboy in the Talent Parade? We also have possession of him. On the whole I think that Div. 13 had a good year.

DIVISION 14 Reporters—**Bob Barrie** and **Marie White**

Bang! Crash! Ouch!!!—That gruesome twosome, **Lenfesty** and **Scroggie**, are starting early to-day. In case you didn't know, this is a typical morning in Div. 14,



CARTOONS

presided over by long-suffering **Mr. Kennedy**. The door opens and very slowly our esteemed Division saunters in. The president, **Irene Addison**, arrives early, setting a fine example (?) Then comes the trio—**Ida Bianco**, our popular secretary; **Eleanor Berry**, the Red Cross Representative (the other Red Cross Representative is forever tardy, **Jack Erb**); and lastly, **Mary Fetherstonhaugh**, whose ambition, we hear, is to be a radio singer. Now and again **Don Partridge** visits us—just to be friendly. Here come the two paper captains, **Muriel McInnes** and **Marjorie McAllister**, pestering us as usual. And now, with this short resumé, we close the door 'till next year.

DIVISION 15 Reporter—Frieda Messerschmidt

Division 15 registers with **Miss Clay** with **Lucy Spark** as Class President. **Joyce** "Longfellow" **Lifton** is our budding poet. The talented **Merriman Twins**, **Joy** and **Torchy**, are destined to Hollywood to succeed **Bergen** and **Charlie McCarthy**. **Gwen Hay** is a whiz at grammar and **Lynette Priestly**—a lively brunette. **Gwen Mann** is a hairdressing expert and an efficient assistant on the Red Cross executive. **Frieda Messerschmidt** is our Shorthand speed artist. **Lollie Cameron** and **Pat Pearce** are constantly giggling and **Ruth Veitch** is the glamorous partner of the **Shaw-Veitch** dance team, as well as Secretary of the Red Cross and Knitting Club. **Viola Wain**, **Evelyn Lewis** and **Leola Willey** are three cute girls who insist on chattering. **Pat Sargent** says, "We Sargents stick together??" **Jean Fuggle** and **Meryl Stebbing** are two swell kids. **Dean Atkins** is the "One and Only." **Betty Eagles** is a keen Red Cross worker and is assisted by the whole class.

SPORTS CLASSICS

In 1942 Summer Editions

Clothes that have been tried and proven right . . . by you and for you . . . not for just a single season but through your entire school year then into your holidays.

But a few of your favourites that you'll find in our Co-Ed Corner are . . . Tweed Jackets . . . Skirts . . . Slacks and Slack Suits . . . Casual Suits . . . all with the same flawless touch of Spencer's Sportswear.



DAVID SPENCER LIMITED

NAME	PASTIME	PET SAYING	AMBITION	DESTINY
DIVISION 16				Reporter—Betty Gray
VIRGINIA BUDYNSKI Astounding us with her Polish "Don't be like that" Stenographer Boss's wife.
MARION BENNETT Bathing Dennis (her dog) "Oh kiddo, you said it" To learn Maths Discovers it is impossible.
VICKIE WALKER Handing out ink "Aw, not too much (ink)" Nurse Taking a certain person's pulse.
JOY GROVES Day Dreaming "Betty, talk to me" A famous actress An actress??
JOY HEDLEY Writing letters "Open the locker, Turner" Artist's model Oomph Girl!

DIVISION 17				Reporters—Pat James, D. Cowper-Smith
GORDON GREEN Skating, reading and others! "Silence is Golden," and Gor- don believes it A busy business lawyer
ERIC GEE Playing Bo-Lo "Well starch my toupee" Dentist To make the best of everything.
GWEN PEACOCK Horseback riding "Whoops" Scarlet O'Hara II. Happy husband.
VELDA WILLE A good show or dance Velda never says the same thing twice Stand-in for Minnie Mouse.
BILL CALDER Listening to the latest song hits "How are yo-u—t-o-da-y?" Dancing Teacher Who knows?
		 To get his homework done on time Bill will do well somewhere.

DIVISION 18				Reporter—Francette d'Estrubé
MARY STEWART Clock watching "There ain't no future in it" Sailor's lady Piano tuner.
RAE SWARTFIGUER Falling ? "What am I saying?" Chief Cook Concrete mixer.
MARY KINGSLEY Sitting on the ice "Ain't that a fright?" A damsel in distress Staying there.
FRANCETTE D'ESTRUBE Dreaming (at night) "To be or not to be. . ." A detective in the Police Force A defective in the Police Force.
ROXANNA FELL Dancing "One never knows" A dame of Society Just a home girl.

DIVISION 19				Reporter—Mon Lum
PETER CAMPBELL Listening to Miller's records "I must do my homework to- night" Sailing the seven seas
CHARLOTTE FRENCH Creating a disturbance "Come up and see me sometime" A Private Secretary Aquarium keeper.
BILL MacDONALD Eyeing the opposite sex "Ah-h she's perfect" A good surgeon The destiny of any pretty secre-
NORA CLARKE Phoning up a certain party "Romeo, Romeo, etc., substi- tuted by Alf" tary.
MICHAEL BERMAN Raising chickens "Latin (plus a few expletives)" A psychologist Horse Doctor.
		 To rise high in the world A hermitess.
			 An aviator.

DIVISION 20				Reporter—Dorothy Parfitt
SHIRLEY DRYSDALE Getting all the "A's" "Let's dance, kids" French teacher "Dope" peddler.
SYD GLOVER Beating out rhythm "I've got a date with a dream" Bandleader Piano tuner.
MAUD ALMOND Dancing and song-writing "I like lacrosse and summer- time" Another Dorothy Dix.
RON SHEPHERD Collecting for Red Cross "Oh, fine!!" Beautician (Ba!) Truck driver.
GWYN WATERMAN Skating and dancing "I can't stay in to-night, sir" Owning dog kennels Scratching flea bites.

DIVISION 21				Reporter—Charles Jancowski
ROY EMERY "Toodles" "Toodlet" Chemist Abused husband.
STAN CORNOCK Basketball "Corn" To be a man Model for baby clothes.
GEORGE WINTER Accordionist "Censored" Contractor Ditch digger.
LEW READ Constructing goat houses "Oh, Pal" The Navy A good husband.



Sands Mortuary

LIMITED

1803 Quadra Street

Victoria, B. C.

COMPLIMENTS OF WAITES' KEY SHOP

719 View Street

Phone E-4713

DUNCAN D. McTAVISH

REAL ESTATE

INSURANCE - NOTARY PUBLIC

618 Broughton Street

Phone E-9814

Victoria, B. C.

SEE

MURPHY ELECTRIC CO., LTD.

FOR LIGHTING FIXTURES

751 Yates Street

Phone G-1713

VICTORIA'S ONLY EXCLUSIVE FURRIERS

Established since 1895

FOSTER'S, FURRIERS

753 Yates Street

Victoria, B. C.



G. B. SIMON

JEWELLER and WATCHMAKER

Graduation Gift Watch:

Lovely 15-Jewel ELGIN.....\$29.75 to \$33.75

•

1306 Government Street

Opp. Rio Theatre

NAME	PASTIME	PET SAYING	AMBITION	DESTINY
DIVISION 22				Reporter—Ron Webster
BILL TUTHILL	Ping-Pong	"Return that slam"	Farmer	Hog caller.
HAROLD YARDLEY	All Sports	"Shoot the pill to me, Bill"	To improve pastime	Water boy.
GEORGE CALLOW	Sea Cadets	"Look me over, folks"	To join the Navy.	Admiral.
GRAHAM DONALDSON	Ice Skating	"Watch my speed"	Champion skater	Professional floor waxer.
LEONARD BATH	Laboratory work	"Give him the works"	To win the Nobel Prize	A mad scientist.

DIVISION 23				Reporter—Ken Pearse
PETER TOWNSHEND	Boat building	"I dood it"	Engineer	Will build an unsinkable boat.
ALBERT STONE	Drawing posters	"Hot Stuff"	Deisel Engineer	Kiddy-Kar salesman.
JIM CONYERS	Roller Skating	"Who? Me?"	Naval Engineer	Will be a man before his mother.
LEN NESBITT	Canadian Football	"Here!"	Designer	Long distance runner.
RON HOWARD	Bowling	"Are you kidding?"	Mechanical Engineer	Will have a large family.

DIVISION 24				Reporter—Margaret Husband
ALBERT DENONI	President of Div. 24	"Huh?"	Radio	Expert piano-acordion player.
PAT BALLAM	Honorable Secretary of Div. 24	"You big Arab"	Stenographer	Dress designer of worthy note.
PAT COOPER	Giggling	"Unbelievable, ain't it?"	To work in a Telephone office	Who can tell?
PETE FANE	Sea Cadets	"This love stuff poetry"	The Navy	"Sailor with the eyes of blue."
FREDA VEITCH	Waiting for "Press" Calls	"Had the swellest time last night"	Secretary to the Boss	Office janitress.

DIVISION 25				Reporter—Evelyn Moore
JEAN REYNOLDS	Collects Classical works	"It was super duper"	To play in symphony orchestra	Great concert violinist.
PATRICIA BENTLEY	Just loves "Read"-ing	"Oh—you're whacky"	Little white house and balcony	Mrs. Lew Read.
DORIS RAWNSLEY	Crystal, Ice Arena	"Did that come out of me?"	To get an air-cadet — Ready, Boys??!"	Figure-skater.
BETTY-JEAN SAUNDERS	"May I serve you?"—(Kresges).	"No doubt!"	Boss's private secretary	Key puncher.
GEORGE BUNCH	Collects Red Cross pennies.	"Ye olde baggs"	Join the Navy	(Censored!!)

DIVISION 26				Reporter—Jean Mortimer
YVONNE SIMPSON	Roller skating and dancing	"What was that I forgot?"	Tap dancer, pianist or seamstress	Perfect business woman.
PEGGY HAY	"Chewing the Rag"	"Hey, listen kids!"	Hairdresser	President of a termite colony.
KAY PITZER	Smiling	"Bring your key, Lil"	To be a charming little home-maker	Achieves her ambition.
TOLETA WILLIAMS	Collecting Red Cross pennies	"You don't say"	Ballet dancer	Electric Fan dancer.
JOAN GARRARD	Roller skating and swimming	"Hey, did you?"	To be a "mermaid"	Unknown.

DIVISION 27				Reporter—Jennie Robbins
LOUISE AITKEN	Knitting	"You're kidding"	Second Paderewski	Leader of a rubber band.
EVA MOORE	Collecting late slips	"Oh, boy!"	Photographer	Negative.
DOREEN BALL	Skating	"Do you think so?"	Salesgirl	Millionaire's wife.
HAZEL DAUPHIN	Collecting junk	"Ah, gee whiz!"	Opera singer	Old maid.
JUNE PAGE	Swimming	"Oh, kid"	Switchboard operator	In the hands of the fates.

Prescription Specialists for over Fifty Years

Phone G-2112

The Owl Drug Co. Ltd.

KODAK SUPPLIES

Developing - Printing - Enlarging

— • —

Cor. Fort and Douglas Streets

W. H. Bland, Mgr.

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF

LITTLE & TAYLOR

JEWELLERS

1209 Douglas Street (Scollard Building) Phone G-5812

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF

E. B. JONES GROCERY

"WHERE PEOPLE SAVE"

1802 Cook Street

Phone G-3131

LOWEST PRICES - FREE DELIVERY

KEN McALLISTER

PORTRAITS - APPLIED PHOTOGRAPHY

Phones E-8677 - E-6477

640 Fort Street

Victoria, B. C.

Newest Styles at Reasonable Prices for Young Men
and Women

"IT PAYS TO SHOP AT COPP'S"

COPP, THE SHOE MAN

1316 Douglas Street

Victoria, B. C.

McGILL & ORME, LTD.

Prescription Chemists

Telephone G-1196

FIRST-AID EQUIPMENT

629 Fort and Broad

Victoria, B. C.

O. H. DORMAN, LTD.

EVERYTHING NEW in MEN'S CLOTHING

If you want to know Style, ASK US

1328 Douglas Street

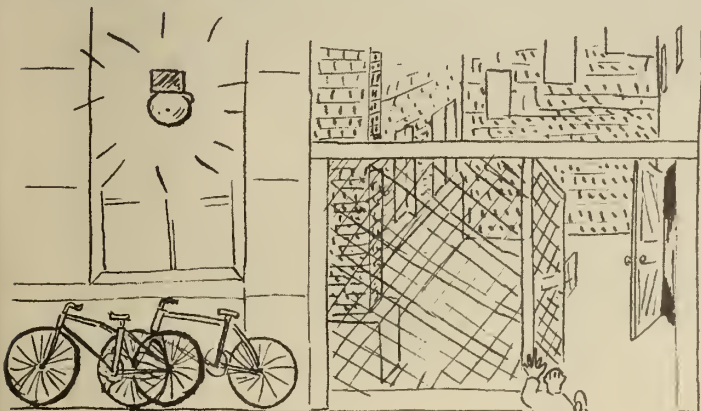
Victoria, B. C.



LOOK - SPITFIRE - NA-STUKA - WELLINGTON.



THE GRAND-OPENING!



"3 TO"



WY



YEAH! AND GUESS WHO PASSED!

A MODERATELY PRICED
COMPLETE PLUMBING and HEATING SERVICE

C. J. McDOWELL

1000 Douglas Street

Victoria, B. C.

COMPLIMENTS OF
SCOTT & PEDEN, LTD.

Flour - Grain - Groceries - Hardware

Phone G-7181

We Deliver

Free Upon Request
AN ILLUSTRATED MANUAL

on "Concrete Improvements around the Home"

THE
British Columbia Cement Co.
LIMITED

Manufacturers of Portland Cement

Belmont House

Victoria, B. C.

FURNITURE MOVING - STORAGE - GENERAL DELIVERY

BRAY'S TRANSFER, LTD.

HAULING CONTRACTORS

Light and Heavy Trucks For Hire on Short Notice

Licensed Limited Freight Carriers

721 Johnson Street

Phone G-7823

Victoria, B. C.

JONES BROS., Batteries

We Manufacture our Batteries from the New Materials
in Victoria

WHOLESALE - RETAIL

Yates and Quadra

Phone E-4021

COMPLIMENTS OF THE
Island Tug and Barge
CO. LIMITED

●DIV. 28—Reporter, Maud Wallace. Miss MacLeod, who was well liked by her French students, left us at the end of the first term. She was replaced by Miss Prisk, already a favourite with the students. The president and secretary are Allan Lifton and Barbara MacKenzie respectively. Mary Straith and Ted Sandahl efficiently fill Red Cross offices. The Macmillan Club representative is Bunty Wright who may be termed the walking encyclopaedia of Div. 28. Lauchlan Fleming, grade 9 member of the Students' Council and House II. representative, is very well liked by the girls and boys of this division. The members of Div. 28 will always remember their first year at High School with a great deal of pleasure. . . .

●DIV. 29—Reporter, Norma McLennan. Sylvia Abbott is our pretty president and is never without a smile. Lilian Jacklin is our red-headed representative of the Macmillan Club. Gloria Lee, a swell kid, has never a dull moment. Margaret Burns is otherwise known as "Merry Margaret." Audrey Orchard is our secretary and then there's Miriam Alder, the short and glamorous council representative for Grade 9. Pat Anderton is tall, blond and a whiz at Maths. We have Arthur Long, one of the six boys in our Div. always studying (the funnies). If you ever want Mary Paterson just look behind a stack of paper and you will find her, also Pat Taylor—short, dark and the life of the party. . . .

●DIV. 30—Reporter, L. Booth. We are a mixed general class registering with Miss Maxwell, who teaches Latin to about half the class. Here are some of the notables: John Proudfoot, our brainy class president, who keeps things running smoothly; is aided by his efficient secretary, Doreen Campbell. Claude Wheeler is a flash at Lacrosse, Soccer

and Basketball, and Cranston Browning, whose specialty is Maths, is another Basketball player. Sonia Leiper, a new addition to our class, is the guiding light in English, and in Science we have Margaret McLennan and Leslie Benson. A star on the House II. Basketball team is Ron Gill, and playing for House I. is Bill Cunningham. For our war service the class has collected 2,420 pounds of waste paper in three weeks. . . .

●DIV. 31—Reporter, Jean La Fortune. We are an all-girl commercial class, but we still seem to have had a grand year. To help us along we have as our registration teacher Miss McKee. Any Announcements? Kay Bray, our class president, has one occasionally, then Iris Brooks and Muriel Hardwick pop up with the Red Cross news. Iris also sings and dances for the soldiers (lucky fellas). Until recently our secretary was Marjorie Williamson. Those who do the most bickering are May Dauphin and Dolores James. Our Angel is Angela Luke?? Eileen Clarke has worn out typewriter No. 83 from writing "Pat," some Irishman in the R.C.A.S.C. Our commediennes are Betty Brundrige, Phyllis Gray and Florence Lacombe. Phyllis is frequently seen tobogganing in the hall. . . .

●DIV. 32—Reporter, Daphne Fairall. Jessie Robertson, our class president, whose motto is "Silence is Golden." She seems to be right. Margaret Mitchell, our Red Cross representative, has learned that "Laugh and the class laughs with you, but you stay after school alone." June Gibson, our Macmillan Club representative, says, "I babble, babble as I go, to join my classmates clever, let teachers rave, I still intend, to babble on forever." Norma Raybone is our Red Cross secretary. She's quiet, dark and rather shy, and always (?) knows the "how"

and "why." **Joan Wilkes** is Div. 32's secretary. All day she sits and combs her hair, she never seems to hurry unless some hair falls in her face, and then, oh boy, is it a race to try and put it back in place. That's when she starts to worry!!!!. . . ● **DIV. 33—Reporter, Kordev Kour.** This is the ideal Division of good old Vic High—no men. I bet some of us would rather not be ideal. Our president is **Pat Jalland** and secretary, **Betty Keatley**. **Joan Fenwick**—I often wonder why she trips so blithely down the hall in certain periods. **Marjorie Davies**—a blond (no peroxide), and representative of the Red Cross. **Irene MacDonald**—our auburn-haired shorthand expert. **Muriel Eastwood**—If she ever came on time she'd certainly give us a shock; evidently she doesn't know there is a three-to bell. Division 33 wishes to thank **Miss Hoskyns** for her patience, and we hope that we have and will live up to the standards of this fine school.



TERVO'S
"APPAREL for the PARTICULAR"
 722 YATES ST



Life Begins in '42

You can't begin gas or electric cooking a day too soon.

It's easy to be a good cook, too, for temperature control on the modern gas or electric range takes all the guesswork out of cooking—you get perfect results every time.

It will be a pleasure to have you call and inspect the latest gas and electric ranges at our showrooms.

B. C. ELECTRIC

BASKETBALL

The inter-school basketball league was reorganized after an absence of two years with the school representative team making a good showing. When this magazine went to press Esquimalt High was leading the league, with Victoria High running a close second. The play-offs will be held immediately following the Easter holidays.

Team members were: Marion Kennedy (captain), Phyllis Lea, Marjorie McAllister, Mafalda Di Iorio, Georgina Levine, Dorie Nunn, Verna Rhode, Grace Ferguson, Frances Butteris and Helen Finlayson.

After a bitterly contested series House I. emerged triumphant over House III. in the finals of the House basketball league.

Team members were: Frances Butteris (captain), Mafalda Di Iorio, Phyllis Anthony, Frances Clemo, Ida Bianco, Lois Courtney, Viola Anderton, Eleanor Berry and Daphne Bourque.

House III. captured the honours in the junior girls' basketball league with House II. runners-up. Olive Mair (captain) and Lorraine McDonald comprised the nucleus for the winners.

HOCKEY

The representative hockey team enjoyed a good season, however the May Tully games were cancelled till the latter part of April and therefore the results are yet unknown. In the Bridgman cup series Queen Margaret's school from Duncan took the honours with Vic High placing third.

Team members were: M. McAllister (captain), M. Masters, V. McIvor, M. McInnes, E. McCoy, S. Lee, O. Mair, R. Rogers, T. White, S. Sunder, S. Williamson, I. Bianco and P. Anthony.

For the third successive year the House III. hockey team stole the honours without suffering a single defeat throughout the entire league.

Team members were: M. McAllister (captain), M. Masters, V. McIvor, O. Lee, D. Nunn, M. McInnes, G. Paul, R. Morita, J. Morrish, S. Lee and O. Mair.

BADMINTON

The third year of the badminton league was again a great success with an overwhelming entry. The single honours were taken by Daphne Bourque with Thelma Brown runner-up. Daphne Bourque and Myrtle Chan won the doubles.

The house championship was won by the House I. team. The members of this team were: Daphne Bourque, Myrtle Chan, Marjorie Bisson and Thelma Brown.

TENNIS

This year the tennis league will be resumed and keen competition is expected. Separate house leagues will be formed and the winners playing for the school championship. Last year's house champions were Audrey Acton, Marnie Hutcheon, Peggy Perrins and Barbara Unsworth for Houses I.-V. respectively. In the finals Audrey Acton eliminated Peggy Perrins, thus capturing the title. Peggy Perrins and Evan Potter won the mixed doubles.

TABLE TENNIS

A newly formed league was organized after Christmas with a large number of players competing. There was a great amount of enthusiasm among the players and therefore competition was keen. The winning team in the senior league was: Ruth Rogers, Gertrude Lane, Valerie McIvor and Marjorie McAllister, while the winning team of the junior league was Thelma Brown, Dorothy Parfitt, Olive Mair and Barbara McKenzie.

SOFTBALL

Due to the large number of players three leagues will be formed. The winners of each will play for the school championship. House III. won the championship last year.

—MARION KENNEDY.



FOR

Bicycle Repairs

See **ROBINSON'S**

1220 Broad Street

Opp. Colonist

Children are interesting in each stage of their development. Let pictures keep them as they are to-day—pictures full of unconscious, unaffected grace, and the individuality of the child.

Make your appointment for them to-day.

WILFRED GIBSON, Photographer

770 Fort Street

Phone E-6221

SWINERTON & CO. LIMITED

(Established 1889)

REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL and INSURANCE AGENTS

Mortgage Loans, Estates Managed. Preparation of Income Tax Returns

620 Broughton St. Telephone E-3023 Victoria, B. C.

KIRKHAM'S, LTD.

Quality Groceries - Tender Meats - Fresh Fruits
and Vegetables

CHARGE ACCOUNTS WELCOME

1318 Blanshard St. - Free Delivery - Phone G-8131

SHOES FOR MEN AND BOYS

— Dress and Play —

MODERN SHOE CO.

Yates and Government Streets

Victoria, B. C.



REPRESENTATIVE HOCKEY



REPRESENTATIVE BASKETBALL



HOUSE III. HOCKEY



HOUSE III. BASKETBALL



DAPHNE BOURQUE
BADMINTON

Telephone G-2012

McCall Bros.

"THE FLORAL FUNERAL HOME"

•

1400 Vancouver Street

Victoria, B. C.

BARBARA BADETTE'S

DISTINCTIVE DESIGNS
For MOTHER or DAUGHTER

Telephone G-7621

637 Fort St., Victoria, B. C.

COMPLIMENTS OF

RAYS, LTD.

754 Fort Street

Victoria, B. C.

CAMPBELL STUDIO

(makers of portraits that please)

PHOTOGRAPHERS

203 Kresge Block

Phone E-5934

SPECIAL PRICES GIVEN TO STUDENTS

C. W. FLEMING

PRINTING

823 Pandora Ave.

Phone E-3414

Victoria, B. C.

Finest BRITISH WOOLLENS

BURBERRY COATS - BRAEMAR SWEATERS
For MEN and LADIES - JAEGER WOOLLENS

We are Specialists in OFFICERS' UNIFORMS
for ARMY, NAVY and AIR FORCE

•

W. & J. WILSON

1217-21 Government St.
Phone G-5013

LADIES' SPORTSWEAR - DACK'S SHOES

ENGLISH RUGBY

This year rugby was the most successful and popular sport in the school. Once again House III. captured the inter-house rugby laurels, nosing out House IV. by one point. House I. came third and House II. last. The House III. squad was coached by Mr. Brand and captained by John Penketh.

House III. Line-up.—J. Penketh (capt.), G. Leslie, W. Moresby, P. Marcel, Peterson, B. MacDonald, E. McCoy, S. Peden, Nesbitt, Profit, Manion, McLennan, L. Moeskaw, J. McLagan, Martin, E. Morrison, MacGivern, Olsen.

Vic High played three exhibition games before the two cup games. The first against Victoria College resulted in a 5-0 victory for High School. The next against Oak Bay High ended in a 3-3 deadlock. In the last one Victoria was badly beaten by University School 17-6.

Vic High regained the Howard Russell Cup from Oak Bay High in two straight games. The first game was played on our grounds amid a steady downpour and ended in a 9-8 victory for Victoria. The second game was played on the Oak Bay High pitch, and our boys came through with an 8-6 victory. Thus the first piece of our wandering silverware had returned home.

Howard Russell Line-up.—D. Chungranes (capt.), J. Penketh, G. Leslie, D. Shaw, P. Narod, J. Crawford, S. Clark, H. Wood, W. Yeamans, B. MacDonald, W. Moresby, J. Peterson, B. Thorburn, H. Irwin, R. Anstey, A. Denoni, D. Thomas and J. Wallis.

And here's the Kiwanis Cup Team with a few comments, for good measure:

Dick Chungranes (capt.)—Don't forget to put the ball down, otherwise you don't score.

George Leslie—Against College George did shine,
He ran the ball across the line.

Ian Taylor—As shifty a player as ever fumbled a ball.

Harry Wood—He makes his fumbles good for 30-yard runs.

Philip Narod—If at first you don't succumb, try, try again.

Don Shaw—On the field he plays the game,
Even off it's just the same.

John Penketh—One of the reasons why Vic High won the game.

Don Thomas—A pocket-full of dynamite.

Bill Thorburn—Hard to stop when he's moving.

Jack Wallis—Plays well going both ways.

Wally Yeamans—He'd put pep in any team;
He sure knows how to turn on the steam.

"Zeke" Peterson—He likes to take it on the chin
And dish it out again with a grin.

Sam Clark—Lots of speed and energy to spare,
Give him the ball and watch him tear.

Bill Moresby—Oh well, where there's life there's hope, but there
doesn't seem to be much life.

Bill MacDonald—He saved the game many a day,
And that's not all that we could say.

Mr. Wallis—When he speaketh, oh hasten thou hence, for his
words are strong and wise.

—PHIL NAROD.

BASKETBALL

Basketball enjoyed one of its greatest seasons this year with super ball handling in league and representative games.

Competition was keen in the House League with all teams evenly balanced. Mr. Swainson's House I. team came through with an unbeaten record in play. Members were: Dick Chungranes (capt.), Dick Cains, Ralph Baxter, Elmer Curtis, George Callow, Ralph Anderson, Roy Corbett, Bob Corbett, Walter Brown, Bill Cunningham.

The representative team played grand ball in two exhibition games against Oak Bay and College. In the former game, school spirit went wild and Vic High came through with a neat victory. The College game was a hectic affair with Vic High losing by a slim margin.

Members of the team were: Dick Cains (capt.), Harold McKenzie, Dick Chungranes, Bob Hampton, Stan Peden, Tom Kershaw, Harry Wood, Yon Shimizu and Elmer Curtis.

—TOM KERSHAW.

SOCCER

The House League provided some good soccer and a tight race for championship honours. This year for the first time House IV. quite deservedly won the title. House I. had a stronger side and gave more players to the representative eleven. However, with all this they failed to get better than second place.

Friendly games for our younger players were arranged with St. Louis College and with the Junior High. In these games our wins and losses were about even. Among the players showing promise for succeeding years are Browning, Davies and Fairservice.

Friendly games were played by our senior team against Victoria College, whom we defeated on each of three occasions. It was in these fixtures that we showed to best advantage.

Our senior team won no cups this season. We were defeated in the Colonist Cup series by Mount View by the score of 1-0. Though beaten, our team played good soccer and upheld the school tradition. Indeed, in this game not a single penalty was called against any member of the team. This is something to be really proud of.

Senior players who distinguished themselves by consistently good play were: Ngai, for his skill in speedy dribbling; Chang, for his work at centre-half both in attack and defence; Sam Clark for his tireless checking.

—TOM KERSHAW.

EVERYTHING IN SPORTS

HOCKING and FORBES

1006 Douglas Street

Victoria, B. C.



THE FLYING "Y"

Leads the way in
TRACK, FIELD AND SWIMMING

First Class Coaching

Summer Membership at attractive rates: Junior, \$2.00; Intermediate, \$3.00; Senior, \$5.00.

Good until October 1st Join To-day



KIWANIS CUP RUGBY



REPRESENTATIVE BASKETBALL



REPRESENTATIVE SOCCER



HOUSE III. RUGBY



Half Century of Service in British Columbia
FIT GUARANTEED
Telephone E- 5212

CHARLIE HOPE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS

1434 Government St. Victoria, B. C.

GO TO THE

ROYAL DAIRY LIMITED

FOR ICE CREAM

707 View Street

COMPLIMENTS OF
VICTORIA MEAT MARKET

707 Pandora Avenue

Victoria, B. C.

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"

Brown's Victoria Nurseries, Ltd.

Leading Florists and Seedsmen - 618 View Street

Flowers for Every Occasion

We Telegraph Flowers

Telephones: G- 6612 - G- 3521

Phone G- 1015

610 Yates Street

VANCOUVER ISLAND PRODUCE CO.

FRESH FRUIT and VEGETABLES

Cut Flowers, Soft Drinks, Ice Cream, Tobaccos, Confectionery
and Groceries

BARBER & HOLDCROFT

TOYS AND CHINA

1623 Douglas Street

Victoria, B. C.

WITH COMPLIMENTS OF
McMARTIN'S Leather Goods Store

716 Yates Street

Victoria, B. C.

OUR BUSINESS — GIFTS

ENGLISH GIFT SHOP

725 Yates Street

Victoria, B. C.

Autographs. *Don Emerson* 11

81

Ken Smith

*Andrew
Wong*

Lee Harold

177 on by 8

*Unsub
attending*

GORDON SHAW
OPTOMETRIST - OPTICIAN

105 Woolworth Building

Phone E-9452

BALSA WOOD

Model Aircraft Kits and Full Line of Parts

GRAMOPHONE REPAIRS

P. E. GEORGE, Music Store

713 Pandora Avenue

Victoria, B. C.

FLORENCE CLOUGH DANCE ACADEMY

Instruction in all branches of the Dance
Special Ballroom Classes for High School Students

717 Courtney Street

Studio E-2776 - Res. E-1656

S. MORISSE

CUSTOM TAILOR

Phone E-2038

888 Fort Street, Victoria, B. C.

WOOD, COAL AND SAWDUST

J. E. Painter & Sons

COMPLETE FUEL SERVICE

•

617 Cormorant Street

Phone G-3541

Hickman Tye Hardware
CO. LTD.

Established 1858

"It's Cheaper to Buy the Best"

•

1211 Quadra Street

Opp. Begg Motor Co.

Telephone G-8137

Private Exchange

Autographs...

83

Jack Hudson
"Jack"
Jesse Robertson

Mary Brown

Nelma
McFonie

Leo Peden

Mary Carter

Ed Lawley,

Shirley Smith

Car Temple
Nora Clarke
Ron Grand

Victoria Daily Times

Billy Logan
Joan Mitchell
A. J. J.

THE HOME PAPER

Ken
Donna Campbell
N.B. Brown

THE SMARTEST SHOES IN TOWN

— FOR —
THE YOUNGER SET
at Popular Prices

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

Catherine Rhinier

Norman L. Maynard

648 Yates Street

(next to Tip Top Tailors)

Clarke Printing Co. Ltd.

Maureen Bell
John Reid

Autographs

Ruth Fennell

Peggy Howell

Ken Hall

John

Bill Forester

Evelyn Campbell
John
John

John
John
John

John
John
John

Bill Court

